EXCLUSIVE: Mike Todd talks about Liz

PHOTOPLAY

TOBER

In this issue!

JOHN SAXON

PAT BOONE

YUL BRYNNER

DORIS DAY

TONY PERKINS

SOPHIA LOREN

an actor stay good?

EMORIAL

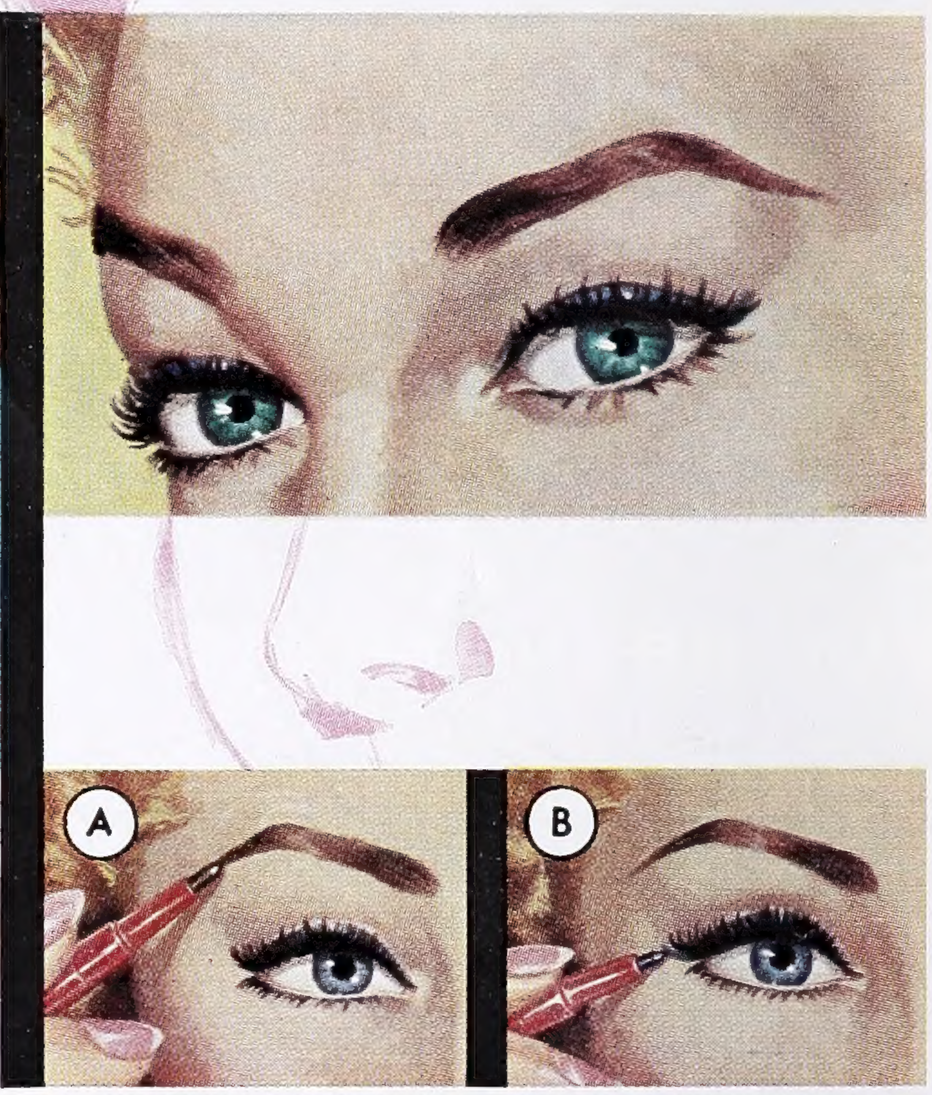
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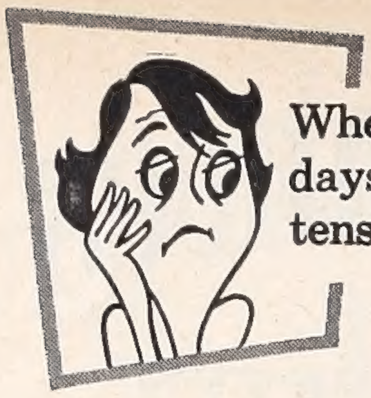


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PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

OCTOBER, 1957 VOL. 52, NO. 4

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COVER: Color portrait of Elizabeth Taylor by Bob Willoughby. Elizabeth stars in "Raintree County" for M-G-M

Color portrait of John Saxon by Wagner-Trindl; Ava Gardner, James Mitchell; Shelley Winters and Anthony Franciosa, Bill Avery; Yul Brynner, Gaby; Doris Day, John Raitt, Carol Haney, Eddie Foy Jr., Warner Brothers

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in

The Joker Is Wild

A CHARLES VIDOR PRODUCTION
with
BEVERLY GARLAND · JACKIE COOGAN

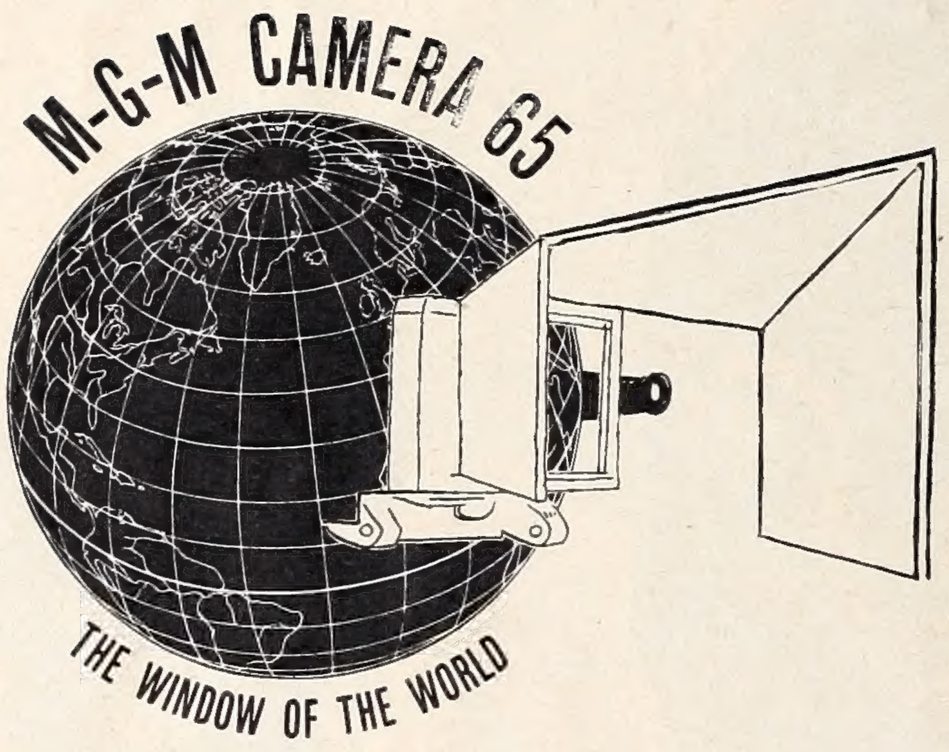
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR • Produced by SAMUEL J. BRISKIN
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over the Editor's shoulder...

We play hostess to Hollywood friends

and discover an offbeat story

Keeping Us Posted

We're delighted at your letters and comments on Photoplay's New Look. We're glad you're noticing our coverage of more stars and newcomers than ever before—more than forty personalities this month, and a magazine that's getting thicker all the time! Our Hollywood friends have noticed it, too. In the past few weeks, we've visited with many of them and learned their ideas and future plans, which we'll continue to bring you each month. In the meantime, keep right on letting us know what and who you'd like to read about in Photoplay—just fill in the ballot box below.

Dizzy's Story

"We'd like to see more of Jimmy Dean in your magazine." "You promised us more articles on Jimmy. We can't believe Photoplay let us down." These are some of the letters you've been writing us. Well, we haven't let you down. Elizabeth Sheridan, author of this month's special James Dean feature, is an American dancer who lives in San Juan, Puerto Rico, when not Caribbean island-hopping doing nightclub and concert work. Dizzy knew Jimmy probably better than anyone. For the two, both sensitive, struggling artists, moved and met and lived and loved in a cold circle of New York show folk. "Dizzy was hungry every hour on the hour," describes their writer friend, Bill Bast. On page 60, in answer to your requests we present "In Memory of Jimmy," and hope you'll like its slice-of-life realism as much as we did.

November Stoppers

Next month, for Photoplay, Mike Wallace cross-examines Harry Belafonte and finds out what makes him tick. Also, we visit Princess Grace at home.



Recognize this picture? It's Tony Randall, his "niece" and Photoplay in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?"

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

Send your votes for the stars you want to see in Photoplay

In color I want to see: **ACTOR:** **ACTRESS:**

(1)_____ (1)_____
(2)_____ (2)_____

I want to read stories about:

(1)_____ (3)_____
(2)_____ (4)_____

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY *are:*

(1)_____ (4)_____
(2)_____ (5)_____
(3)_____ (6)_____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____ AGE_____

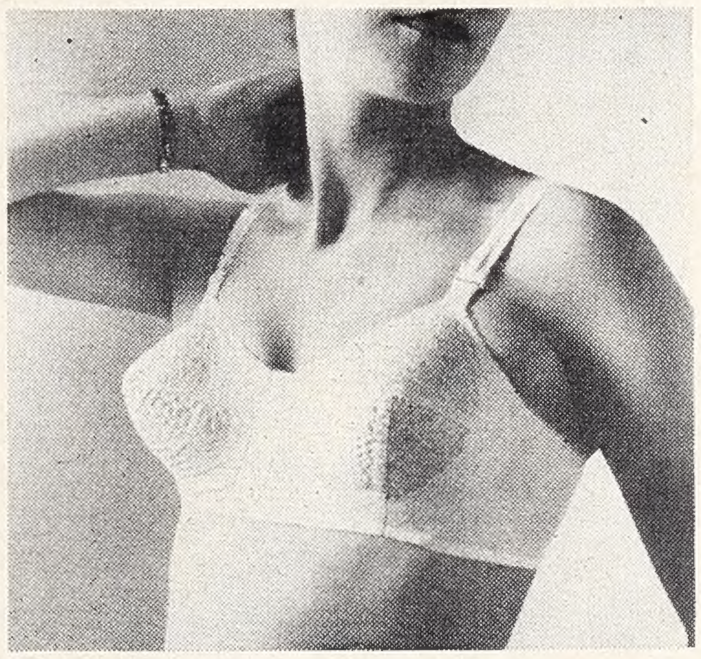
Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y. 10-57



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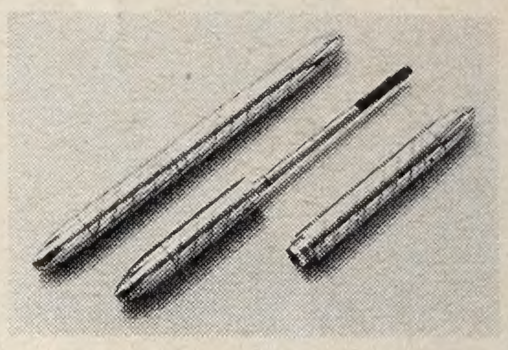
becoming attractions



A



B



C



D



E

A *To foil perfume's big enemies—evaporation and change of scent—new Hermetique Atomizer by Houbigant. Chantilly, from $7.00*; Flatterie, $8.50**

B *Alberto VO5, non-oily lanolin hair dressing, was first developed for movie studio hairdressers to offset dryness caused by intense lighting. $1.00**

C *Eye cue: When you open new Helena Rubinstein Mascara-Matic, Waterproof mascara is ready to apply neatly and evenly on threaded metal wand. $2.00**

D *Finger tip: High protein gelatine to help strengthen soft, breaking fingernails now comes in convenient Signet capsule form. Package of thirty, $1.98*

E *Jean Nate's new floating bath oil features her distinctive blossom-fresh fragrance in highly concentrated form, leaves no bathtub ring. 2 oz., $4.50**

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girls who rate keep a daily date with

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Only clean skin can be clear skin. So Dorothy Gray Salon Cold Cream is whipped extra-fine to go deeper... to draw grime, oil and stale make-up right out of your skin. Remove these and there goes the cause of many skin problems. Use Salon Cold Cream every night... and whenever you change make-up... for that clear, fresh glow! $1.25. In Canada, too.



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NEW CONDITIONING CREME WAVE IN A TUBE WITH APPLICATOR TIP!

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bliss! ***Smooths on from easy applicator-tip tube!***

Other waves may take a dozen messy steps, but not *bliss!* This fabulous new fragrant *creme* formula eliminates forever all dab, all drip, all bowls, all bother! Just wind and rinse, that's all you do . . . when dry, *brush out into glory*. It's *bliss!*

bliss! ***Breaks the oil barrier . . . curls from inside out!***

This wave contains never-before-used penetrants! It gets *past* the natural oil that resists deep curling, and curls the *heart*, not just the 'wall', of *each strand!* You get a soft, *natural*-looking hair-do the moment you brush out. *No more re-setting*—it's *bliss!*

bliss! ***Secretly conditions as it goes!***

Your hair is *cared* for—retains a healthy balance of oil and moisture, and even on damp days stays silken-soft and manageable! The only wave especially developed to let you *brush* out and *go* out—no more frizz, no more trying to get lasting curls from temporary hair sprays—day after day it's *bliss!*



Self-neutralizing! Recap the handy applicator-tip tube, save for next wave, extra end-curls, too!

$2.00 PLUS TAX

Just wind and rinse...when dry, brush out—never needs resetting—it's **bliss!**

PHOTOGRAPH OF SUZY PARKER BY RICHARD AVEDON

©1957 LAMBERT-HUDNUT DIV. *TRADEMARK

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I'm partial to Joan Collins. As far as I'm concerned, she's the best piece of lend-lease we've ever had from England. . . . When Marlon Brando put on a tuxedo, it was the end of an era. And I wish those copy-cats in T-shirts would realize it. . . . After television, the worst thing that happened to the movies is the extra-large screen. It magnifies a face, destroying glamour, revealing everything. You can have Sophia, Gina, Anita, Kim and all the rest. Give me the French doll, Brigitte Bardot. She's the sexiest female on celluloid, and it's about time some Hollywood producer got wise. . . . Elvis Presley has a collection of over 200 Teddy bears. . . . To let the lady (Deborah Kerr) have her say: "When my husband and I disagree, he walks around the garden a couple of times and I go to the bathroom and take a hot tub." . . . Why is it that most of the movies' new faces look like the old faces? . . . Ever since Burt Lancaster played a columnist in "The Sweet Smell of Success," he tries to behave like a columnist. . . . When Barbara Nichols was asked why her tight-tight toreador pants didn't split, she answered: "They breathe with me." . . . Tom Jenks argues that movies are not an art but a product and "Hollywood is an emotional Detroit."

Peggy King is now strictly Peggy King. And not as interesting or moving as when Peggy King seemed like Judy Garland. . . . I didn't recognize Carroll Baker (she's back to brunette) at a party, until she put her thumb to her mouth. . . . Yul Brynner is honest. He can't admire a "good" woman if that is the only recommendation she offers.



Sidney and Elvis, on the set of M-G-M's "Jailhouse Rock," discuss Elvis' unusual hobby of collecting Teddy Bears. He has 200

I'd say Jerry Lewis was funnier when he wasn't so heavy, with weight and theories about comedy. . . . Don't believe those romantic items you might read about Natalie Wood and Tab Hunter. Natalie and Tab try hard to be good friends. . . . I'd like Edward R. Murrow to Person to Person Mike Wallace and then have Mike Wallace interview Edward R. Murrow.

It could be, on second thought, that Elizabeth Taylor is only collecting data for a book, "Around Mike Todd in 80 Days." . . . Boy, would I like to be unseen and overhear an evening's dialogue between Shelley Winters and Tony Franciosa. I can hear you saying, "So would I!" . . . To let the lady (Monique Van Vooren) have her say: "I like to be glamorous at home, in bed, everywhere, not just in my act." . . . The best and most beautiful musical since "Funny Face" is "Les Girls." The girls are Kay Kendall, Taina Elg, Mitzi Gaynor. (Originally the girls were to be Leslie Caron, Cyd Charisse, Carol Haney.) After this movie is released nation-wide, Kay Kendall will be more than Rex Harrison's "Fair Lady"; she'll be everybody's. And Taina Elg joins the selective list of actresses who have "animal sex appeal." . . . Remember when the movies had child stars like Shirley Temple, Jackie Coogan, Jackie Cooper, etc.? Now the movies have child stars who are accepted as men and women. Examples: Tommy Sands (nineteen), Natalie Wood (nineteen), Sal Mineo (eighteen), Susan Harrison (nineteen) etc. . . . Kathy Carlyle says a movie is reissued to give the people who missed it the first time a chance to miss it again. . . . Always late, Marilyn Monroe wishes people would set their clocks by her.

Hugh O'Brian as Wyatt Earp makes me giggle. . . . Isn't it almost unbelievable now to believe the fact that Ava Gardner was once Mrs. Mickey Rooney? . . . I'll always remember Ava for introducing me to "Lush Life," the Nat King Cole recording. . . . The two leading exponents of "How to Be a Success in the Movies without Bosoms" are the Hepburns, Audrey and Katharine. . . . Progress in Picture Making: King Vidor's "Hallelujah," the first movie with an all-Negro cast, to Darryl Zanuck's "Island in the Sun," dealing with miscegenation. . . . Mamie Van Doren says she wishes she'd like the books she should read. I know Rock Hudson's method. He learned to act by acting. . . . "I'd like to make an adventure movie," said Tony Perkins, "in a strange foreign land where the hand of man has never set foot." That's Hollywood for You.

you'll find it hard to believe that anything so small and light and supple can do a big job of slimming and trimming and smoothing until you wear this marvelous little Jantzen figuremaker... Italian-knit to shape and shaped to fit like a dream. That's the genius of Jantzen... the light touch, the sure control...in nylon and Lastex®... girdle (A36) has no seams, no hems...panty-girdle (A46) is fashioned to be super-comfortable...white, blue, yellow, pink 5.95. Jantzen "curvallure", the instant-glamour bra (639) 5.95...at most stores. (prices in U.S.A.)

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The roamin' Red Skeltons in Rome take time out for picture in front of Coliseum

INSIDE STUFF

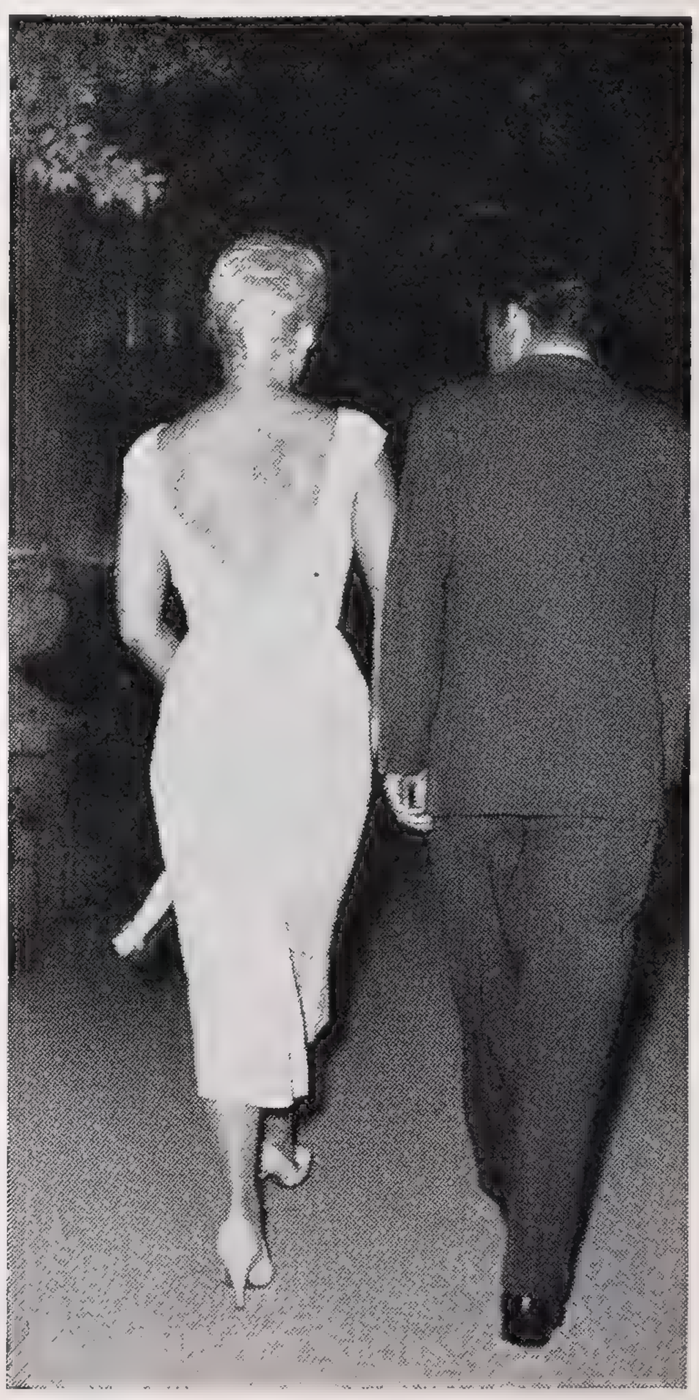
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Without A Song: No sooner had Elvis finished "Jailhouse Rock" and gone back to Memphis with his entourage of five chums, than a bombshell burst back in Hollywood. Rumor had it that Elvis didn't want to sing in his next movie. He just wanted to act, like Bing Crosby. And what's more, he had a picture all picked out. It was about this prizefighter, see, and—well, anyway, the town is still down for the count of nine. By the way, it may come as a surprise to Elvis, but the latest group to adopt him as their favorite is the Roy Rogers and lollipop set. They've even invented a parlor game about him, to replace the old one of pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey. And this is the way to play it: Tack a large cut-out profile of Elvis to a sheet and hang it on the wall. (You can use the cover of our July issue if you have it handy.) Blindfold each guest and give him a large, cut-out black sideburn. The trick is to pin the sideburn where it belongs—and not on his nose, where it usually lands, they tell me.

Rock 'n Roman: Rossano Brazzi and his charming Lydia, are due in Hollywood any minute (*Continued on page* 16)







Kim Novak and her "Pal Mario" (Count Bandini) had a happy reunion in Rome, to delight of her fans, when they visited the famed Fountains of Tivoli

YOU—reflecting this lovely radiance...always!

JEWELS BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

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Love-Pat'...it's pressed powder, plus foundation—never cakes, never turns orange-y!

The simple reason behind this miraculous look: 'Love-Pat' contains up to 3 times as much beautifying oil as other compact makeups—so the oils in your skin can't affect 'Love-Pat'. There *can't* be any streaking.

You'll find this complete makeup *delightful* for quick touch-ups. And it can't spill, as loose powder does. Try it!

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Hair with the
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—for no other shampoo offers Halo's unique cleansing ingredient, so effective yet so mild. And there are no *unnecessary* ingredients in Halo. No greasy oils or creamy substances to interfere with cleaning action, no soap to leave dirt-catching film. Halo, even in *hardest* water, leaves your hair softer, brighter, *whistle clean.*
HALO SHAMPOO
Glorifies
NORMAL, OILY OR DRY HAIR

continued





It's Hope! It's Fernandel! Yes. On location for their "Paris Holiday"

and already hostesses are planning bids for parties and more parties. But if I know the Brazzis, and I certainly do, they'll waste no time in taking off for Hawaii, where "South Pacific" will be filmed. I got to know them several years ago, at a dinner party given by Joan Crawford at the swank River Club on the banks of the Thames. I've never met a couple quite like them—the comradeship between them, the bantering, the small gestures of affection, the way they dance together, the things they say and leave unsaid. "This," I thought to myself as I watched them, "is it. A truly happy marriage."

Rossano had sent for Lydia to come to London as soon as the picture he and Joan Crawford were working on got under way, and she'd promptly found a house, made him a home, and brought with her the two small dogs they love, the pets that sleep with them at night and are with them always. "Since we have no children, they are our family," Lydia said. And later Rossano added, "Many problems that try a man's soul can be talked out with his wife in the night when the two are alone." I knew what he meant. But the next instant the orchestra struck up a lively rock 'n' roll number and Rossano, beating time, remarked, "This music really *brings* me." "It sends me," we Americans all laughed. "Maybe you," said Rossano with a shrug, "but it still brings me."

INSIDE STUFF

Dye-ing For Privacy: Marlon Brando, who has never particularly liked the brilliant glare of the limelight, has been having his troubles in Paris. First he was mobbed by fans and had his clothes almost torn off him when he appeared at a benefit for veterans of World War II, and the police had to be called out to protect him. And then he made the fatal mistake of not looking well in his blond wig for "The Young Lions." So the makeup man in the company scheduled the real thing—a dye job—and gave him the name of an elegant Paris hairdresser. When Mar got there he found that the salon—like most beauty shops in Paris—had no private booths, and he had to sit through two hours of near-riot as the women of Paris gaped and gasped, and lined up four deep to stare at him. . . . Marlon's been a little luckier in the evenings though, spending them quietly with Liliane Montevecchi, a French dancer who was in the United States with the Roland Petit ballet group, and had a brief fling in American pictures. She plays his sweetheart on the set, and Marlon's been giving her acting lessons off it. That's what's known as making a pleasure of business and business, pleasure.

$750,000 is Enough: Sophia Loren, who once made the classic comment, "Too much money is enough," may find that



At French Film Festival, Marlon chats with singer Juliette Greco, daughter



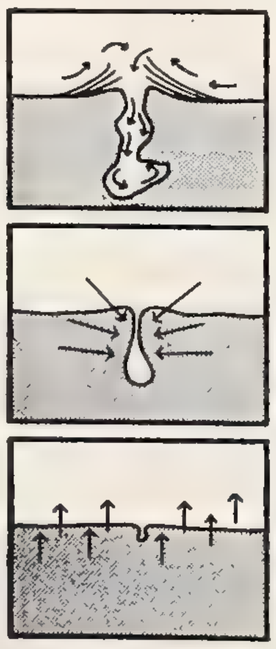
Doctors' Scientific Formula

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED . . . hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is the new-type medication *especially* for pimples. Clinical tests prove it *really works*. And now you can get CLEARASIL as a smooth, soothing lotion in handy squeeze-bottle! In Tube or Lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the medications prescribed by leading skin specialists . . . works in a way no so-called "medicated" cosmetic or skin-cream can!

How Clearasil Works Fast:



1. *Penetrates pimples* . . . 'keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate . . . encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!

2. *Stops bacteria* . . . antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!

3. *'Starves' pimples* . . . oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up and helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples . . . works fast to clear up pimples!

Also, the penetrating medical action you get with CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they 'float' out with normal washing. And CLEARASIL works at the source of the blackhead problem by drying up excess skin oil which may clog pores. Skin-colored CLEARASIL blends with any complexion, hides pimples and blackheads amazingly while it works! It's greaseless and stainless, pleasant to leave on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists . . . Guaranteed! In clinical tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases of pimples were completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either Lotion or Tube). It's *guaranteed* to work for you or money back! Economical, long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only $1.25 (no fed. tax) or Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Get CLEARASIL at all drug counters.



Largest-Selling Pimple Medication In America *(Including Canada)*



First photo of Leslie Caron with husband Peter Hall and baby in Paris

she has indeed made too much money this year. The Italian government is claiming an additional chunk of the $775,000 they say she made this year, and Sophia has taken her troubles (and her bankbook) to Switzerland. Rumor has it that if the man and money problems in her life can't be straightened out by the time she finishes her four-month vacation in Switzerland, she wants to become an American citizen.

Skeltons On Holiday: It was heartwarming to see the Red Skeltons vacationing in Rome with their children, Richard, nine, and Valentina, ten. Red showed his family America and Europe over the summer, the trip made primarily for Richard, victim of leukemia. In Rome, they had audience with the Pope.

Get-togethers and a break-up: Tony Perkins and Venetia Stevenson are a new duet in town—when she's not with Tab Hunter, that is. (Venetia's Rusty Tamblyn's ex-wife) . . . And Natalie Wood is confining her dates these days to land, sea and air. When she was in Hollywood, she and Bob Wagner had a great time on his boat when they took a trip to Catalina with some friends, on Natalie's nineteenth birthday—but it was Nicky Hilton who flew with her to New York when she made a trip there in connection with "Marjorie Morningstar," and he was her only escort in the Big City. . . . Joan Collins' divorce from Maxwell Reed finally came through, and he was awarded just $5,750 for himself and $1,000 for his attorneys instead of the $1,250 a month alimony he'd originally asked for. In an earlier trial, he asked for separate maintenance and support. It was a long, long time ago that chivalry was popular in England. . . . They say that Bing Crosby's sons have told him they approve of newly divorced Inger Stevens.

Big Wheel with a Big Deal: Frank Sinatra comes back to television with one of the most liberal contracts ever given a performer. Before he signed with ABC, his agents got in touch with the networks and outlined what Frankie wanted to do on TV. Being the emcee of a musical comedy or variety show would bore him, they reported, but if he could surprise people by alternating musical comedy and dramatic shows, and if he could spice the schedule up with an occasional musical show which he'd emcee, and if he had a free hand with the budget and a free reign with production, well, maybe. ABC met all the "ifs" and said "yes" to an eight million dollar show which is scheduled to run for three years. No one but Frankie could have swung such a deal, but then, "Practically no one else in the business can do the things Sinatra can do," says Bill Self, Frank's producer. Self may be prejudiced, but he's right!

Patter and Chatter: Newest and first candy item on the market bearing the name and likeness of Elvis on its wrapper is the Elvis Presley "Teddy Bar." A milk chocolate bar containing puffed wheat, crushed almond and Brazil nuts, the "Teddy Bar" is designed for the sweet tooth set—those of us who love to nibble rather than crunch popcorn in the movies—and will be sold in your neighborhood movie theaters!

Starlet of the Month: Presenting a young actress we predict you'll be seeing in the next month; an actress with a future: Heather Sears, Photoplay's starlet of the month. Twenty-one years old and London born, Heather will soon be seen in the title role of Columbia's "The Golden Virgin," costarring Joan Crawford and Rossano Brazzi. We predict your excitement about her will match ours.

Heather will never forget the dramatic way in which she was chosen for her role. In a darkened Hollywood theater, a select group were viewing the screen tests of a number of youngsters. Across the screen flashed a picture of a young actress testing for the role of a blind, deaf-mute orphan. The scene continued for a few moments, ended abruptly and the lights went on. For a second there was silence. Joan Crawford was the first to speak. "Don't test any more girls," she announced. "Here is our Esther Costello."

Heather's acting career began several years ago. But her decision to become an actress was pronounced very early in life. While still little girls Heather and her sister, Ann, daughters of Dr. Gordon Sears, resident physician at London's Mile End Hospital, were evacuated from war-torn London to North Wales. There they walked away with



We predict Heather's role in "The Golden Virgin" will make her a star

a number of school acting prizes.

Her movie contract was handed her when a casting director spotted Heather in a school play. Since, there have been rave notices for TV performances, too.

Heather is vibrant looking with her dark hair, light brown eyes and wistful, melancholy quality that's been likened to that of actress Susan Strasberg. Away from the cameras, she is a vivacious gal who likes modern music, collects records, is a sports enthusiast and a champion swimmer. She enjoys reading and likes to write poetry. Her pet subject is history; her hero, Disraeli.

Heather speaks French fluently and loves to paint, a hobby she acquired from her father.

What is her favorite type of movie? Heather confesses timidly, "Westerns!"



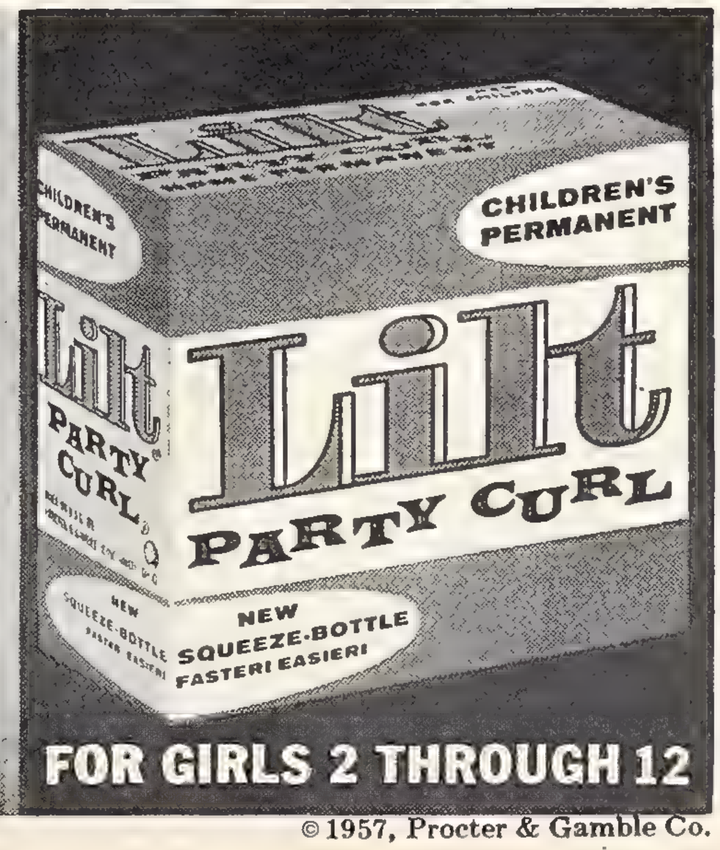
NEW! *Only child's home permanent with* SQUEEZE-COMB EASE...

gives curls that last a year!

Curls really take because *comb-tip* squeeze bottle saturates hair far more thoroughly than any other way.

Now, no need to take chances using Adult Permanents on your child's hard-to-curl hair. Lilt Party Curl really overcomes problems of curling young hair. And Party Curl is so much easier, faster for you to apply on a fidgeting child. "Squeeze-Comb Ease" ends messy dip-dabs for you. Now just squeeze on lotion from comb tip on bottle. Hair is so thoroughly saturated, soft curls last even a year!





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LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD

✓ FAIR

BEST ACTING: CAMERON MITCHELL, JOANNE WOODWARD



In a furious showdown, Joanne tells husband Cameron that she'll go out alone, and his desperation leads to horror



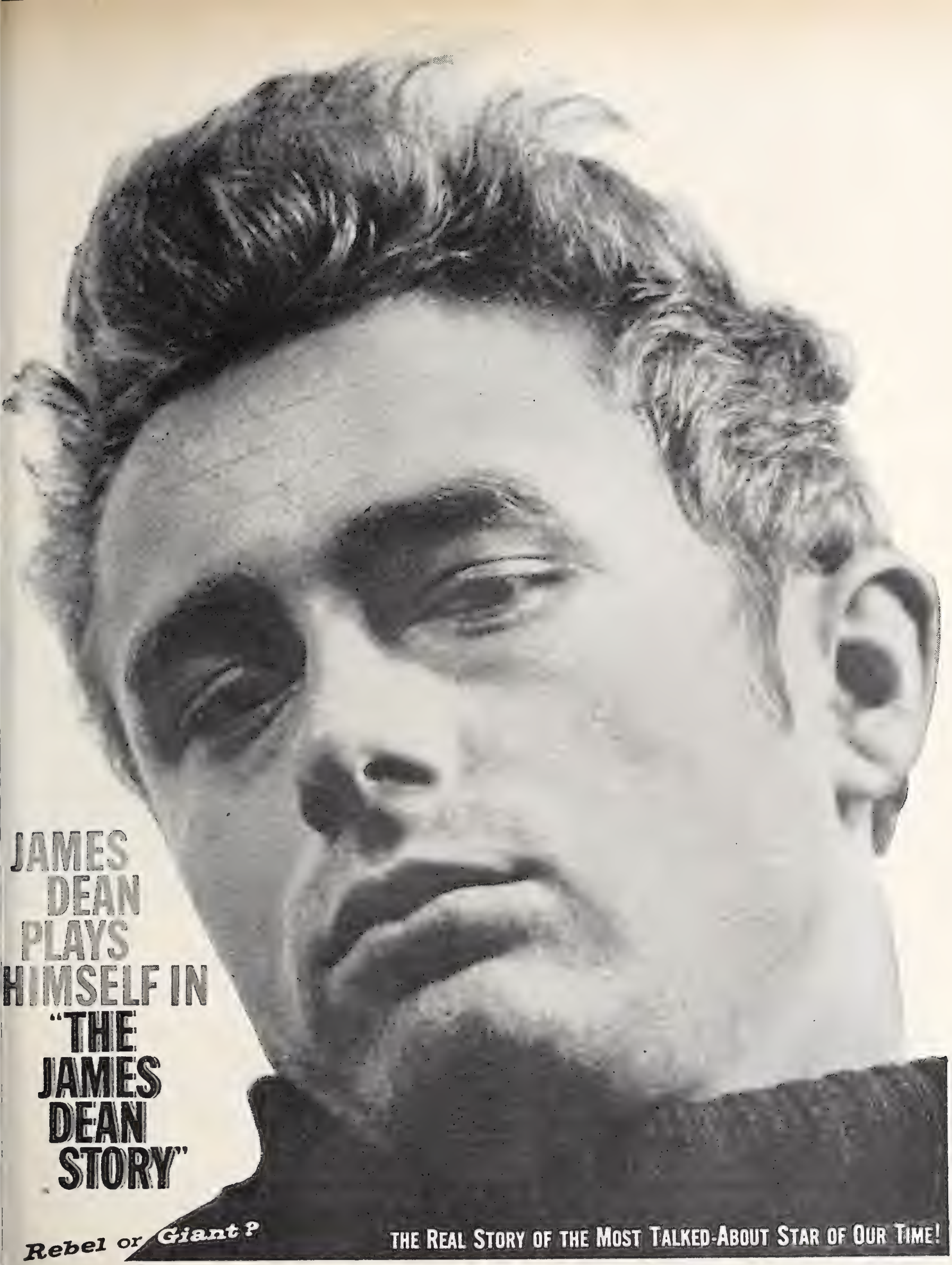
Off duty, Doris aims singing gibes at beloved enemy John Raitt

No Down Payment 20TH, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓✓ Fresh backgrounds are the theme of the film month. Featuring talented young players, this outspoken drama looks through the picture windows of model ranch houses to see what underlies a supposed idyl of married life. Newcomer Jeffrey Hunter and his over-ambitious wife, Patricia Owens, soon get to know the neighbor couples. Sheree North and Tony Randall quarrel over Tony's wild dreams of quick money. Barbara Rush and Pat Hingle, well-balanced, differ over questions of civic responsibility. The most powerful scenes focus on Cameron Mitchell and Joanne Woodward. Apparently genial, Cam is a brute—yet pathetically unsure. Flamboyant in manner, equally insecure, Joanne sorrows over an early tragedy in their life together. ADULT

The Pajama Game WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Full of life and laughter, this hearty Doris Day musical bounces out of the tune-film rut, far from the glittering environs of show business or luxurious society. Its locale is, of all places, a pajama factory in the Midwest. Here Doris and her pals stitch away, happy but for the fact that they want a raise and stubborn boss Ralph Dunn won't give it to them. When John Raitt is brought in as new superintendent, he's eager to make good; but he has a union fight on his hands. John and Doris are attracted to each other, though she warns him that they're fated to become a *Romeo* and *Juliet* in this industrial feud, because she speaks for the union. Carol Haney does a neat comedy job, teamed with Eddie Foy, Jr., a fellow factory worker. FAMILY


JAMES DEAN PLAYS HIMSELF IN "THE JAMES DEAN STORY"
Rebel or Giant?
THE REAL STORY OF THE MOST TALKED-ABOUT STAR OF OUR TIME!
A DIFFERENT KIND OF MOTION PICTURE— A THRILL TO REMEMBER! presented by WARNER BROS
Hear TOMMY SANDS sing "LET ME BE LOVED"
Written by STEWART STERN
who wrote the screen play for 'Rebel Without A Cause'
Produced and Directed by
GEORGE W GEORGE and ROBERT ALTMAN

The Young Don't Cry — COLUMBIA

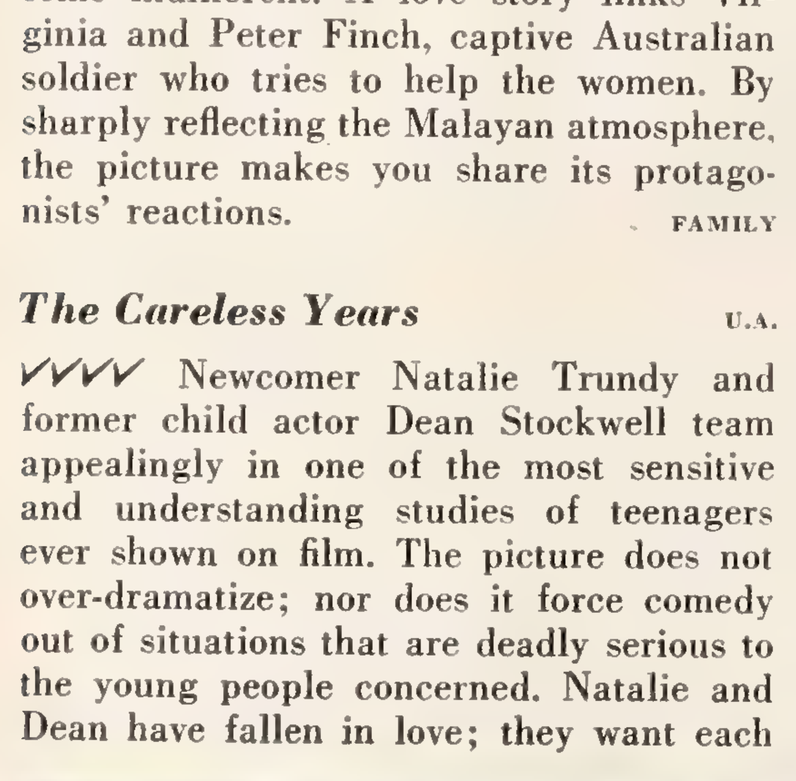
✓✓✓ Again showing surprising presence for his years, Sal Mineo holds his own with expert adult players in a strange story that still, in its incidents and dialogue, has an air of conviction. At an orphanage in the South, Sal maintains his individuality and protects younger kids against swaggering older boys who thirst for power. On a road gang nearby, convict James Whitmore faces a similar problem in brutal overseer J. Carrol Naish. Sal makes friends with Whitmore, but also arouses the interest of Gene Lyons, an orphanage alumnus who has become rich by unethical or possibly illegal means. Eventually, the boy must make a choice between power and personal dignity, in a tense situation. FAMILY

A Town like Alice — RANK

✓✓✓ Whimsically titled, this British film turns out to be a strong, deeply affecting tribute to victims of the Pacific war. Lovely Virginia McKenna is among a group of British women and children captured by the Japanese and herded backward and forward on the Malay Peninsula during grim occupation years. Most of the women find unexpected resources of courage; one proves a weakling. And the Japanese are shown not as monsters but as varied human beings: some brutal, some kindly, some indifferent. A love story links Virginia and Peter Finch, captive Australian soldier who tries to help the women. By sharply reflecting the Malayan atmosphere, the picture makes you share its protagonists' reactions. FAMILY

The Careless Years — U.A.

✓✓✓✓ Newcomer Natalie Trundy and former child actor Dean Stockwell team appealingly in one of the most sensitive and understanding studies of teenagers ever shown on film. The picture does not over-dramatize; nor does it force comedy out of situations that are deadly serious to the young people concerned. Natalie and Dean have fallen in love; they want each other; decently brought up, they decide marriage is their only solution. But Natalie's parents (Barbara Billingsley, John Stephenson) and Dean's parents (Virginia Christine, John Larch), loving as they are, put up indirect or angry opposition. So the youthful sweethearts must work out their own problem, thereby moving toward true adulthood. FAMILY



Loving each other sincerely, Natalie and Dean know they need more than this



The arrival of the 3:10 brings a test of mettle for outlaw Glenn, captor Van

3:10 to Yuma — COLUMBIA

✓✓✓✓ Associated in the past with top westerns, Glenn Ford and Van Heflin have an excellent vehicle in this taut, well-written movie, pitched well above the average horse opera. Outlaw and noted jailbreak artist, Glenn is captured after a stagecoach holdup. Van has been working his heart out on a drought-blighted ranch, with wife Leora Dana. For money alone, he agrees to help convoy the bandit to a train bound for a secure hoosegow. But Glenn's henchmen—notably tough young Richard Jaeckel—are plotting to free him. While there's plenty of shooting, the suspense finally centers on a duel of character. Henry Jones is fine as the town drunk, unexpected hero; Felicia Farr plays a disillusioned girl who shares a romantic interlude with Glenn. FAMILY

Tip on a Dead Jockey — M-G-M, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ In an absorbing melodrama of international intrigue, all the characters come across as real, endearing people. Robert Taylor, air veteran of World War II and Korea, has drifted into an aimless existence in Madrid. When Dorothy Malone, his estranged but still loving wife, joins him there, she finds that he is now terrified of flying and marital responsibilities. Martin Gabel offers him a smuggling job, but he passes it along to pal Jack Lord. Finally, Bob's fondness for Jack and Jack's wife, luscious Gia Scala, leads him to take on the hazardous task himself. The flight fro Spain to Egypt and back, with stopove en route, presents hair-raising action stu hypoed by Marcel Dalio's splendid wor as the idle hanger-on who becomes Bob true, brave friend in this crisis. FAMI

Interlude — U-I; CINEMASCOP TECHNICOL

✓✓✓ Well, "Summertime" can hit Ge many, too. June Allyson is likable as th American lady overcome by Rossan Brazzi's charm. She's a U. S. governmer worker; he's a symphony conductor. Fo him, June is willing to brush off the atte tions of hometown boy Keith Andes, physician studying in Munich. But ther is a complication. Rossano has a wif charming Marianne Cook, who is mentall ill and utterly dependent on her husban Dealing with familiar situations, the fil handles them well. ADU



A sudden storm leaves June alone wit Rossano, heedless of worries to com

That Night — U

✓✓✓ Shrewdly underplayed, yet charge with emotion, this story of an ordinar upper-middle-class family strikes hom hard. Husband, father, wage-earner, Joh Beal has been pouring too much of himsel into his job as a writer of TV commercials Wife Augusta Dabney and their smal children expect him to come home on evening—when he does not appear, be cause he has been felled by a heart attac on the commuter train from New York. A first alone in his pain, John soon learn that his is a family problem, to be share and therefore lightened. Shepperd Strud wick does a good job as the sort of famil doctor everybody would like to have, an Joe Julian is amusing as a roaring hypo chondriac, hospital roommate who unwit tingly rouses John's sense of humor an speeds his convalescence. FAMIL

The best fun throughout the ages and the raciest hit of the Broadway stage is

A GEORGE ABBOTT AND STANLEY DONEN PRODUCTION

The Pajama Game !!!





Heinzie--the slacker who lost his slacks!

How they play the 'Pajama Game' on that picnic in the woods!

Sid--the 'Hey There' hero who blew his top!

Gladys--the 'Steam Heat' girl!

starring

Doris Day

as 'Babe'– and the wonderful cast of the Broadway play!

John Raitt · Carol Haney · Eddie Foy, Jr.

with Reta Shaw • Screen Play by GEORGE ABBOTT and RICHARD BISSELL

Produced and Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT and STANLEY DONEN

Based upon the Play 'The Pajama Game' · Book by George Abbott and Richard Bissell · Music and Lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross

Produced by Brisson Griffith and Prince

♪♪♪ Hey There! Hernando's Hideaway! Steam Heat! Seven and a Half Cents! Small Talk!!! and all the rest

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Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

MOVIES *continued*

The James Dean Story — WARNERS

✓✓✓ In general, this is a well-made documentary film, tracing the late actor's short career and at the same time giving a clear character sketch of Dean as a person. It's at its best when real people—Indiana farm folks, friendly New Yorkers—speak to us directly, in the unmistakable accents of spontaneous, honest American talk. Following a new trend in documentaries, it makes resourceful use of still pictures (including some from Photoplay), maneuvering the camera to examine the photos closely and extract from them the utmost in meaning. Only toward the end does the narrative veer toward the maudlin, but seasoned actor Martin Gabel helps keep the picture in balance by delivering his commentary sensibly. Brief shots from Dean pictures are included, "East of Eden" being represented by a screen test never before shown to the public; but most of the material is fresh. FAMILY

God Is My Partner — 20TH

✓✓ Walter Brennan appears in his most lovable guise in this gentle courtroom drama—and this fact pretty nearly kills any suspense that might have been generated. Expert and beloved surgeon in a small city, Brennan has been haled into court by relatives who doubt his sanity. He has been giving his money away; most especially, an ample gift to his church sets off the law suit. Now really! It's up to pretty young attorney Marion Ross to prove that Walter isn't off his rocker. She has an easy job. FAMILY

Band of Angels — WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓ Personality-loaded stars and explosive story material lend interest to a Civil War picture that's handicapped by an oddly listless manner of presentation. Raised as a Southern heiress by her loving father, Yvonne De Carlo discovers upon his death that she's actually a slave, child of a Negro mother. She's saved from the horrors of the open market when Clark Gable buys her. Gable is a retired sea captain, haunted by feelings of guilt from slave-trading days, patiently trying to atone. Sidney Poitier plays a proud Negro; Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., and Rex Reason are a contrasted pair of damyankees. ADULT

Perri — BUENA VISTA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Like most of Disney's true-life adventures, this closeup of wild creatures includes beguiling sequences of completely natural comedy and drama. Here, the chief attraction is an interlude when babies are learning their future way of life: Little squirrels scramble on tree branches; small bobcats learn to stalk prey; baby beavers gnaw saplings. But the rhymed commentary turns too far toward sentimentality, jarring with savage facts in the Rocky Mountain life of the squirrel heroine, the *Perri* of the title. FAMILY

Run of the Arrow — U-I, TECHNICOLO

✓✓ In an entertaining post-Civil Wa western, Rod Steiger has a dramatic rol as an unreconstructed rebel who so hate the victorious North that he turns India to continue his fight. Joining the Siou nation, Rod takes Sarita Montiel as hi bride. But an encounter with Ralph Meek er, an old Union foe, forces Rod to conside again where his true allegiances lie. Her is a straightforward story of frontier ac tion, authentically violent. FAMIL

Pickup Alley — COLUMBI

✓✓ Vigorous melodrama, with varied an interesting European backgrounds, pit Victor Mature against a dope-smugglin ring. Suave Trevor Howard, chief bad guy has blackmailed Anita Ekberg into co laborating in his sinister operations. As a agent for Interpol, the international or ganization that combats such villainy, Vi has a dubious volunteer assistant in Bona Colleano, Italian-American exiled from th U. S. for good reason. FAMIL

The Gentle Touch — RANK, TECHNICOLO

✓✓ With an approach as simple an straightforward as its title, this Britis film pays tribute to the noble profession o nursing. Attractive young players portra a motley group of trainees, who embar upon their course with different motives— but all eventually learn the real signifi cance of their vocation. Pretty Belind Lee, as a student nurse, and George Baker as a young doctor, share a quiet romance Diana Wynyard is the wise matron wh supervises the nurses. FAMIL

House of Numbers — M-G-M, CINEMASCOP

✓✓ Adroitly, Jack Palance makes th most of a dual role in a routine jailbreal yarn. As the honest brother, he plots t help his criminal kid brother escape. Bar bara Lang plays the convict's wife; Harol J. Stone, a corruptible guard. But Jack' acting is almost too effective. As the pris oner, he is so plainly a psychopath tha it's hard to understand why wife an brother remain loyal. FAMIL

Brothers in Law — CONTINENTA

✓✓ Having given the medical profession rough going-over in the series of "Doctor" comedies, the British now take aim a lawyers—and score with an acceptabl amount of chuckles. Ian Carmichael, wh portrayed a hopelessly inept soldier i "Private's Progress," is just as bumblin and bewildered when he tackles the prac tice of law. He bungles an easy divorc case; he happily uses the more extensiv legal knowledge of a crook he defends. O the romantic side, Ian vies with room mate Richard Attenborough for the affec tions of Jill Adams, but our hero is n whiz as a lover, either. FAMIL

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You'll love JUNE ALLYSON
starring in "INTERLUDE"
A Universal-International Picture.
Technicolor and
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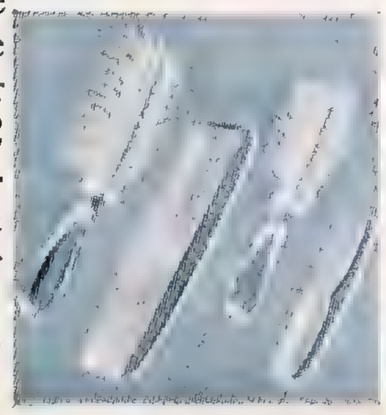


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out of 5 top
Hollywood movie stars!

AND YOU'LL LOVE THIS MOTHER-DAUGHTER COMB AND BRUSH SET . . . the same set that Hollywood star June Allyson and her daughter Pamela are using. You get 2 combs and 2 brushes in crystal-clear styrene—a 7 row brush for you, a 5 row brush for daughter — both made with DuPont nylon bristles. A $2.00 value for only 50¢.



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EVENING IN PARIS
DEODORANT STICK
BOURJOIS • CREATED IN FRANCE • MADE IN U.S.A.

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For reviews this month see contents page.

✓✓✓✓ AFFAIR TO REMEMBER, AN—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Smoothly made, deftly acted comedy-drama. Shipboard love teams fortune-hunter Cary Grant, kept woman Deborah Kerr. They decide to reform. (A) September

✓✓✓✓ AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—U. A.; Todd-AO, Eastman Color: Colossal! Yet it's light and entrancing. Stuffy Britisher David Niven does the globe-circling jaunt on a bet in 1872, with Mexico's great Cantinflas as his valet, big stars in bit parts. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ BERNARDINE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Pat Boone debuts as an endearing film personality in a tender, tune-trimmed comedy. A youthful schemer, he tries to promote Dick Sargent's romance with Terry Moore. (F) August

✓✓✓ DECISION AGAINST TIME—M-G-M: Tense, convincing. Test pilot Jack Hawkins risks his life to avoid ditching a damaged plane. Home problems also harry him. (F) September

✓✓✓ DINO—A.A.: Understanding study of tenement life, giving Sal Mineo rich acting opportunity. A reform-school parolee, bitter and potentially violent, he's helped by psychiatrist Brian Keith and by Susan Kohner. (F) August

✓✓✓ FIRE DOWN BELOW—Columbia, CinemaScope: Strong action film hits a climax as Jack Lemmon is trapped in the hold of a burning ship. Rita Hayworth and Bob Mitchum are his treacherous sweetheart and friend. (F) August

✓✓ GUN GLORY—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: In a western of familiar outline, Stewart Granger's the ex-gunfighter distrusted by his son and townspeople. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ HAPPY ROAD, THE—M-G-M: Honey of a movie, combining heart and hilarity. American widower Gene Kelly and French divorcee Barbara Laage trail their runaway children across France. Both small kids are charmers. (F) April

✓✓✓✓ HATFUL OF RAIN, A—20th, CinemaScope: Brilliant study of a family torn by Don Murray's drug addiction. Eva Marie Saint is his wife; Anthony Franciosa dominates as his brother; Lloyd Nolan's the father. (A) August

✓✓ HIDDEN FEAR—U.A.: Involved but fast-moving whodunit. In Denmark because his sister's accused of murder there, American cop John Payne unmasks counterfeiters. (A) August

✓✓✓ JEANNE EAGELS—Columbia: Kim Novak shows authority in an intimate, markedly feminine biography of the actress who won tragically brief fame three decades ago. Showman Jeff Chandler loves but loses her. (A) September

✓✓✓✓ JOE BUTTERFLY—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Pleasing caper about GIs in Japan just after the war. Carefree Audie Murphy and earnest George Nader are Army newsmen; Burgess Meredith, a Japanese fixer. (F) August

✓✓✓ JOHNNY TREMAIN—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Flavorful Disney-produced adventure, with Hal Stalmaster and Luana Patten as brave teenagers in the Boston of 1775. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON—A.A.: Slender idea, done with dash and with appealing stars. Daughter of private eye Maurice Chevalier, prim-looking Audrey Hepburn chases American rake Gary Cooper—in lovely Paris. (A) August

✓✓✓ LOVING YOU—Wallis, Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Effective Presley vehicle, full of song. A shy unknown, Elvis is pushed by Liz Scott to success with Wendell Corey's rockin' country band. (F) September

✓✓✓ MAN ON FIRE—M-G-M: Touching story of a custody fight. Tycoon Bing Crosby battles to keep ex-wife Mary Fickett from taking their young son part-time. Inger Stevens is a sympathetic lady lawyer. (A) August

✓✓✓ MIDNIGHT STORY, THE—U-I, CinemaScope: Mystery with nicely ironic twist. Tony Curtis suspects Gilbert Roland of murder—hopes his hunch is wrong when Roland's home offers welcome, love (Marisa Pavan's). (F) September

✓✓✓ MONTE CARLO STORY, THE—U.A.; Technirama, Technicolor: Light-hearted and luxurious. Gamblers and fortune-hunters both, Marlene Dietrich and Vittorio De Sica go after a rich American family on the Riviera. (F) July

✓✓✓ NIGHT PASSAGE—U-I; Technirama, Technicolor: Western vets James Stewart, Audie Murphy are at ease as law man and outlaw brother in this expansive yarn. (F) September

✓✓ OMAR KHAYYAM—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: With John Derek's help, Cornel Wilde battles traitors, hopes to rescue Debra Paget from a royal harem. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ PRIDE AND THE PASSION, THE—U.A.; VistaVision, Technicolor: Visually splendid war epic. Spanish guerrillas Sinatra and Sophia Loren, Englishman Cary Grant haul a giant cannon to oust Napoleon's army. (A) September

✓✓✓✓ PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Style, warmth and charm, laughs and romance: In 1911 London, American chorus girl Marilyn Monroe upsets the rigid life of Balkan ruler Laurence Olivier. (A) August

✓✓✓✓ RISING OF THE MOON, THE—Warners: Three-part love letter to Ireland (shot there) from director John Ford. Excellently acted episodes shift from wry to boisterous comedy to suspense and patriotism. (F) September

✓✓ SEAWIFE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Mild desert-island story of War II. Richard Burton falls in love with fellow castaway Joan Collins—secretly a nun. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Overwhelming DeMille epic of Biblical times, forcefully acted by Charlton Heston as Moses, Yul Brynner as Pharaoh, many other stars. (F) January

✓✓✓ WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Rowdy comedy, ribbing the ad and TV fields. Tony Randall's funny as an ad man roped in by film glamour doll Jayne Mansfield. (A) September

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PHOTO BY JACQUES SIMSON

when you wake up without pale, faded lips!

Even when you wake up...even before you make up, you'll love the way you look! With Coty "24", the lipstick cleanses off at night but the color stays on. You're never caught without "alive" color on your lips! And there's no need to re-color your lips every hour on the hour to make them bright and shimmery; no need to blot. Coty "24" creams on—won't cake or splotch—never dries your lips.

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Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. *We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.*—Ed.

READERS INC...

Elvis Avalanche

Wow! We're still digging out from under the avalanche of mail, all favorable, we received concerning "God Is My Refuge," the Elvis Presley article in our July issue. One of the most interesting letters came from Colonel Parker, Elvis' manager.—Editor's Note

"We were very pleased to read your story, "God Is My Refuge." It well expressed Elvis' religious attitude and was in good taste. As you know, Elvis does not want to use religion as a prop for his career. We respect the dignity of religious expression and would never wish to convey the idea that we are attempting to commercialize on it. I'm sure that you can appreciate our policy."

Colonel Parker
Hollywood, California

Foreign Stars

"What Has She Got That Hollywood Hasn't?" The answer is a flat "nothing." You're talking about the best girls in the world when you're talking about American girls. If you want to see the "girl next door" sparkle, give her some stories to portray. Give her just as big a buildup as the sexpots.

Mary Stoner
Lancaster, California

Why is it that actors who are stars in their own right in foreign countries are brought over here and doled out mediocre roles? About the only foreign actor I can think of who was given a good part is Mario Mareno (Cantinflas) who was in the film, "Around the World in Eighty Days." Yet after it had been previewed, I heard people say, "Who was the guy who played the valet?" Everyone should know Cantinflas. Why aren't the foreign *male* stars given a buildup?

Josephine Williams
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Can't Fill His Shoes

In regard to the late James Dean, why is it that every time some young actor appears on the Hollywood scene, he is immediately compared to Jimmy? In one month I have read at least ten articles entitled "Is So and So the Next James Dean?" This is a vacancy that no one can fill. Believe me, it's getting sickening.

Mary Swanbeck
Springfield, Minnesota

Why hasn't Hollywood been able to find a replacement for Jimmy Dean? Sure he had talent, but was he the only good actor in the United States?

Joan Blake
Edgartown, Mass.

Complaint

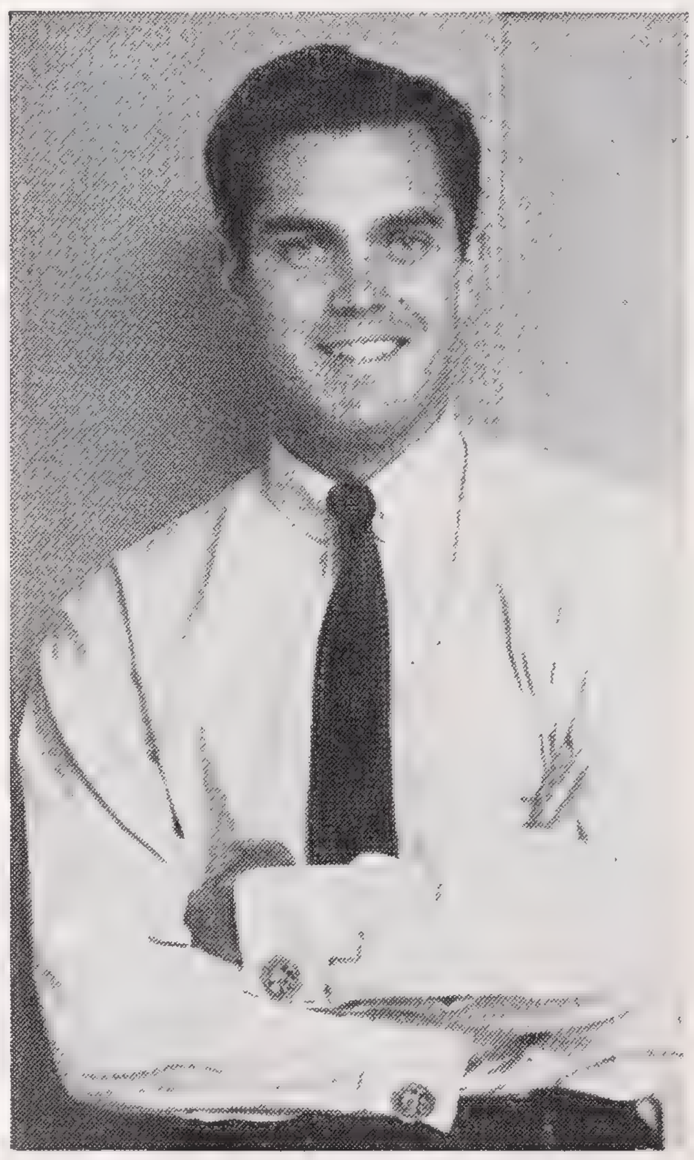
Nobody Asked Me But . . . I'd like to see a little less of Tony Perkins . . . a lot more of Jack Webb . . . Perry Como make a movie . . . Jayne Mansfield retire . . . and Jane Russell in a straight dramatic part.

Karen Greene
East Corinth, Maine

German Fan

Sometimes, my aunt, who emigrated to America many years ago, sends me the Photoplay, and I do like to hear something of American movie stars. My favorite stars are Pier Angeli, Robert Wagner, Doris Day and, of course, James Dean, but *most* I am fond of Jeffrey Hunter. I should like to see him in a serious character role (but without spectacles, please!)

Heidemarie Benstem
Salzgitter-Bad, Germany



You'll get your wish with "No Down Payment." It's a fine film in which Jeffrey gives an excellent performance, one of his finest

Dear Sidney

Now, hold on there, Mr. Skolsky! I'm downright ashamed that it had to be my favorite Hollywood writer who did it, but you did it, fella . . . and I'm hopping mad! "The New Look in Hollywood Men," indeed! I'll grant you this; movies are more realistic these days. Therefore, men are allowed to display some perspiration. And if a fella had been in a brawl, the technicians, in their wisdom, see to it that he has ruffled hair when he drags himself out of the alley. Apparently, this doesn't seem quite dignified to you.

Just because the Hollywood actor looks and behaves like a real person (on screen anyway) instead of like the slick-haired, sweet-smelling romeo of yesterday, it's not any cause for alarm. I feel you've done our fellows a great injustice. Don't be hard on these boys, Sidney.

Evelyn Irwin
Jacksonville, Florida

Who set you up as a judge of people? Everyone is entitled to their opinion, but why don't you stop blasting the young actors? After all, that is what people want them to be like, or they wouldn't pay to see them at the movies.

Judy Akam
Highland, California

You ask, "Why are old reliable favorites still carrying the big boxoffice burden and running away with the heroine at an age when they might well be settling down to pipe and slippers?" Now don't try and put an age limit on romance, Sidney. As long as a man is attractive and masculine, he's convincing in a romantic role.

R. M. Luollin
San Diego, California

Good work, Mr. Skolsky—and thanks for your broadminded view. Instead of blasting the guys, you have showed the people what the boys actually are. Anyone can be the sophisticate, the romantic, but how many of the stars are really themselves? Maybe these guys aren't really, either, but they're getting much closer to the human race.

Dee Parry
Biglerville, Pennsylvania

To Each His Own

Photoplay is one of the few movie magazines which doesn't "peddle gossip." Please continue your wonderful work.

Margaret Stephenson
Eureka, Montana

(*Continued on page* 30)



Every other leading spray-set sprays your hair with 80% to 95% alcohol. And alcohol can dry, dull, deaden hair . . . soon burn its beauty away.

New! The only spray-set with no alcohol

–builds beauty as it curls!

Such silky, soft curls! Never dry-looking.
Such shiny, springy curls! Never stiff, sticky or flaky.

Real dream stuff, this fabulous new Beauty Curl. Sets beauty . . . holds beauty . . . *builds* beauty! And without a drop of drying, burning alcohol that can rob your hair of the natural oils that protect its precious lustre.

No sticky lacquer or gummy fixative, either. Yet you can use it to set and to *hold!* And every time you spray it on, you can *see* an added glow. That's because Beauty Curl builds beauty from within. No wonder your soft, shiny curls keep their joyous bounce even on the dampest day. Get new Beauty Curl today!



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SPRAYS IN BEAUTY AS IT SETS AND HOLDS YOUR CURLS.

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Unretouched photo of Charlene Veth, Jackson Heights, N. Y. (See her pretty face below.)



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE proved in its famous testing laboratory: New Woodbury Shampoo holds curl better, keeps set longer! Example shown above: The left side of Charlene's hair, washed with her usual shampoo, got limp, straggly. Right side, washed with Woodbury, is springy, curly, beautifully manageable.



Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women. Results were checked by Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. New Woodbury with its curl-keeping ingredient holds waves best! Protects hair from drying out — leaves it shiny-clean, without dull soap film! Costs *less* than other brands — a generous bottle is only 39¢. If it isn't the finest you ever tried, we'll return your money! Fair enough?

WOODBURY HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

Q. and A.

Could you tell me if the title of Tab Hunter's Warner Brothers film, "C'est La Guerre," was changed to "Lafayette Escadrille"?

ANGELA SASSOE
Alhambra, California

Yes, it was—and was changed again. It's now called, "With You in My Arms."

I recently saw a wonderful picture called "The Search" starring Montgomery Clift. I'd like to know the name of the small boy who co-starred with him.

ROSANNE DE NISCIA
Orange, New Jersey

That was Ivan Jandl, who won a special Oscar for his performance. "He was a brilliant kid," reminisced director Fred Zinneman recently. "But he went back to school in Czechoslovakia. Acting was only a sideline."

Recently a friend and I made a bet. I say James Whitmore played in "Gangbusters" and he says he didn't.

Scituate, Massachusetts
CONNIE GOMES

You lose.

In order to settle a family feud, I need to know the identity of the young lady who played opposite Gary Cooper in "High Noon."

BETTY MANN
Monterey, California

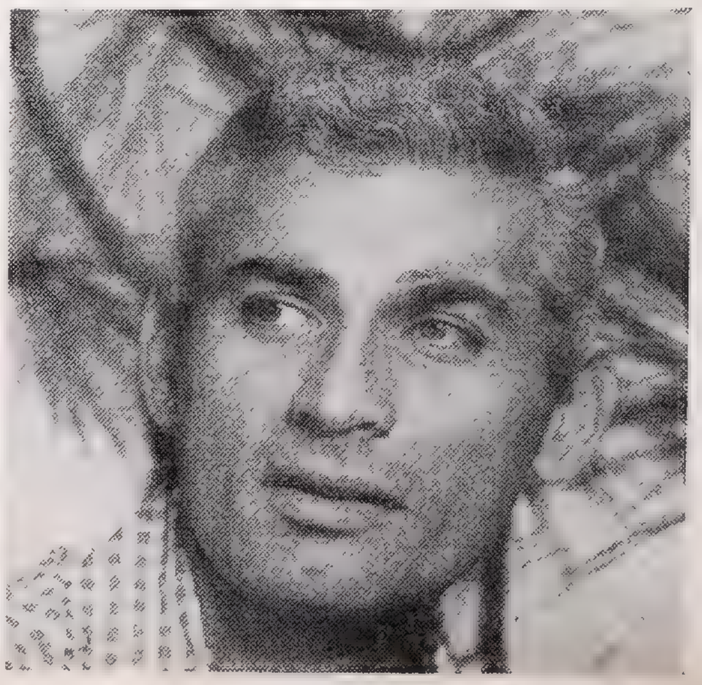
Lay those pistols down—it was Princess Grace.

Thank You's

For many years I've joined fan clubs of my favorite stars and adhered to all the club rules to boost each star in every way. The only response I ever received, if any, was a form letter, sometimes a photo. Recently I wrote to my favorite star for information about his fan club. To my complete surprise, and supreme happiness, I received a personal letter from this star.

In addition to news about his club, he told me of his next picture and where he would be making it and also added several heartwarming lines of appreciation for my letter. Is it any wonder that I have chosen Jeff Chandler to be my very top favorite?

MILLIE MAHAN
Santa Cruz, California



"such gentle softness"



You'll agree . . . new Kotex napkins are the gentlest ever. For only Kotex has Wondersoft covering . . . so softly spun it won't rub, won't chafe. And you're so sure of yourself with this napkin, for you know it gives you *extra* absorbency that's instant and complete.

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YVONNE DE CARLO co-starring in "BAND OF ANGELS"

A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION



If you'd like to have a *"second look" complexion*

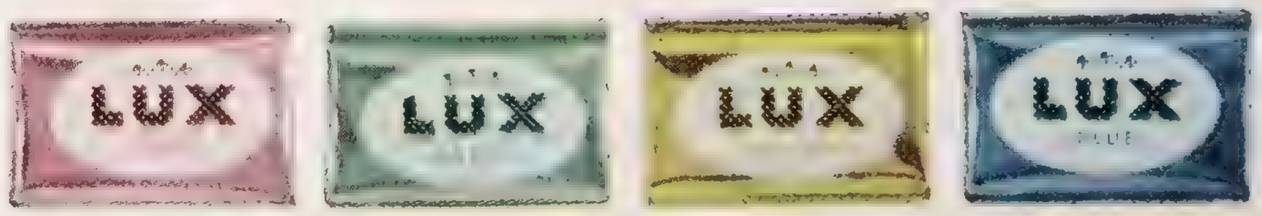
. . . one that's soft and smooth
. . . then always use Lux.
"That's what I do," says
Yvonne DeCarlo

A complexion that looks prettier and prettier the more he looks—that's the kind you want. That's the kind Lux can help you have.

With its rich *Cosmetic lather*, its mildness and gentleness, Lux can do as much for you as it does for any Hollywood star. Then there's the Lux fragrance—the best-liked soap perfume in the world. Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees that you'll decide Lux is absolutely wonderful for your complexion—or you can have your money back. *For a complexion you'll love—and he'll love, too—use Lux, just as the stars do.*

9 out of 10 Hollywood stars depend on LUX





Now Lux comes in 4 lovely pastel colors, as well as pure white

WHERE TO BUY PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

To buy fashions shown on pages 85-88, write manufacturer or nearest store listed below, mentioning Photoplay, and enclosing a clipping of the item you wish to order.

Weldon Pajamas

ATLANTA, GA.....Rich's
BOSTON, MASS.....Jordan Marsh
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.....H. P. Wasson
KANSAS CITY, MO.....Emery, Bird, Thayer
NEW YORK, N. Y.....Stern Bros.
OMAHA, NEB.....J. L. Brandeis
SEATTLE, WASH.....The Bon Marche
or write, Weldon Mfg. Corp.
1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Schrank Sleepwear

ATLANTA, GA.....Rich's
BOSTON, MASS.....Jordan Marsh
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.....H. P. Wasson
LITTLE ROCK, ARK.....Pfeifers of Arkansas
MIAMI, FLA. Richard's
NEW YORK, N. Y.....Stern Bros.
OMAHA, NEB.....J. L. Brandeis
SACRAMENTO, CALIF.....Weinstock-Lubin
SEATTLE, WASH.....The Bon Marche
or write, M. C. Schrank, Inc.
437 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO TALENT SCOUT QUIZ

on pages 56, 57, 58, 59

James MacArthur, son of Helen Hayes and the late Charles MacArthur, did that wacky lawn-mowing sequence in U-I's "The Young Stranger."

Suzy Parker appeared at the beginning of Paramount's "Funny Face," and Audrey Hepburn advised 20th to cast Suzy in "Kiss Them for Me."

Carolyn Jones clicked big in "The Bachelor Party" (with Jack Warden, Don Murray), for U.A. She walked Frank's dog in "The Tender Trap."

Gia Scala scored with Kerwin Mathews in Columbia's "Garment Jungle." At Metro: "Tip on a Dead Jockey," "Don't Go Near the Water."

James Darren turned j.d. for his debut in "Rumble on the Docks" and is currently in another Columbia film, "The Brothers Rico."

Susan Harrison had Tony Curtis on her trail in "Sweet Smell of Success," U.A. shocker. Just nineteen, she agrees success is sweet.

Inger Stevens started at the top, winning Bing Crosby in Metro's "Man on Fire." The studio features her next in "Cry Terror."

Andy Griffith made you love to hate him in "A Face in the Crowd." In "No Time for Sergeants," also for Warners, he encores his GI role.



"There's a new Tonette!
It's really care-free!
Less work for Mommy!
More fun for me!"

Look! A Double-Easy Applicator with New Care-Free Tonette! It's made just for little girls. No skips! No drips! Tonette waves so carefully, so neatly . . . curls stay care-free for months and months . . . without pincurls every day! It's the one children's home permanent that's completely care-free! Give your little girl a New Care-Free Tonette, too!

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Dorothy Malone enjoys wearing separates, casual clothes



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4762—One yard of 54-inch fabric is all you need for each of these smart separates: blouse, jerkin and skirt. Sew this smart, practical fall outfit with our printed patterns. Misses sizes 10-18

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Radie, in Europe, is guest of Doug Fairbanks Jr., young Daphne

BY RADIE HARRIS

Exclusively Yours

Ah to be in Europe—now that Hollywood's here! If the accent in "Exclusively Yours" is slightly Continental this month, it's because after seeing "Around The World in Eighty Days," "Boy on a Dolphin," "Island in the Sun" and all the other recent films glorifying far-off locales, I decided to write my own scenery! The backgrounds in London, Paris, Munich, San Tropez, Rome and Athens are different, but you'd be amazed at how many familiar Hollywood faces are in the foregrounds!

To name only a few: Anthony Quinn for "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (Tony's also made "A Woman Obsessed" in Hollywood with Anna Magnani), award-winning director George Stevens in Belgium making "The Diary of Anne Frank;" Don Murray in Italy at work on his pet project to make Displaced Persons self-supporting, and the Cary Grants in London.

For the Love of Mike: When six-year-old Michael and four-year-old Christopher Wilding arrived in London with their mother, Liz Taylor, and their stepfather, Mike Todd, they looked around the elaborate suite at the Dorchester Hotel and promptly asked "Where's the swimming pool?"

It was Mike Wilding who told me this rather terrifying story, so typical of children brought up in Hollywood. "I know it makes them seem like pretentious, spoiled brats, when actually, they are sweet darling babes," defended Mike. "But from the time they were born, Liz and I have always had a house with a pool, and when little Mike and Chris came to the South of France with Liz and Mike Todd their villa at Cap Ferrat had a pool, too. So, according to their childish logic, they assume a pool automatically goes with their surroundings!"

It was wonderful to see Mike back in *his* natural sur-

continued



What caused Magnani's hysterics? Tony Quinn (left) knows



She is eager • young • sensual • luminous • arrogant • vain • shimmering • drifting • unbridled • passionate • impudent...

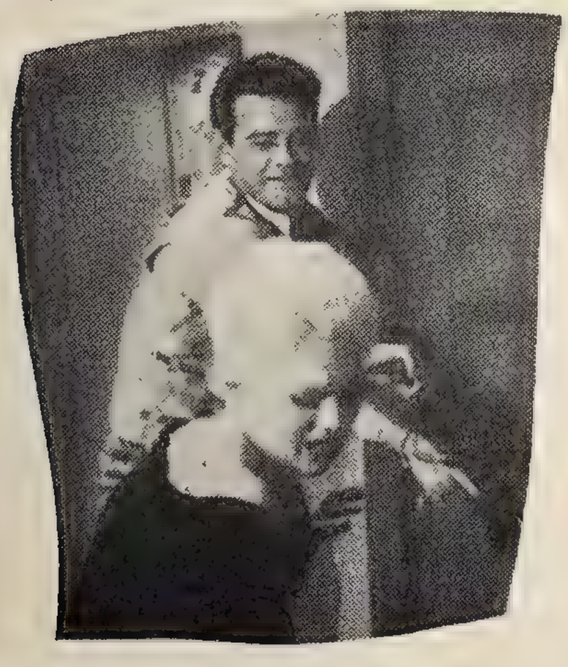
She is icy • bewitched • defiant • glistening • childlike • brazen • breathtaking • exultant • vulgar • tender • cruel...







She is animal • impulsive • piquant • damned • loved • hated • adored...



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JEFF CHANDLER

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AGNES MOOREHEAD

with CHARLES DRAKE • LARRY GATES • VIRGINIA GREY • GENE LOCKHART • Screen Play by DANIEL FUCHS, SONYA LEVIEN and JOHN FANTE

Story by DANIEL FUCHS • Produced and Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY

P

Exclusively Yours

continued

roundings again, his native London, with no pool, not even a house—just an unpretentious bachelor flat. But he's happier than he has been since his split-up with Liz, because after fourteen years, he is acting on the London stage again, playing the lead in Noel Coward's new comedy hit, "Nude With Violin."

I was lucky enough to have caught his performance, and I was enchanted by it. Here was all the effortless charm and comedy talent that had lain dormant in Hollywood for so long, because Hollywood never gave Mike a chance to exercise it. Now that he's returned to his own shores, it has been like a shot in the arm to his career—and to Michael himself. Noel is hoping that when Mike winds up his limited five-month engagement here, he'll replace him in the Broadway production. But Mike, who never likes to cross a bridge until he comes to it, has no immediate plans for the future. He doesn't seem to be downhearted about Marie McDonald's reconciliation with Harry Karl. He's content, playing the field—and since there aren't many charm boys like Mike still around *loose*, he's not lacking for company!

Flitting with the Fairbanks: Ever since Queen Elizabeth, Prince Phillip, Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Kent mingled with 300 other guests at her debut party, Daphne Fairbanks, seventeen-year-old daughter of Mary Lee and Doug Junior, is now known around these parts as "Debutante of the Year." Daphne is now a freshman at Briarcliff Junior College, Briarcliff, N. Y. Before she sailed back to her native land for the first time in five years, I dined with Daphne at an informal family gather-



Are Director Stevens and Rock cooking up another flick?



Surprise! Here's serious Don Murray, rock 'n' rolling

ing at "The Boltons," lovely Fairbanks home in Kensington. Having known this eldest daughter of three since she was just a twinkle in her parents' eyes, I was anxious to hear how she felt about returning to the United States, after her school life in England and abroad and her "royal" welcome to top drawer Mayfair society.

"I am longing to go home!" Daphne answered, her dark eyes dancing with excitement at the very thought of it. "There's such a wide gap between the ages of twelve and seventeen that it will be like discovering a new world. I'm afraid though, I'll have to limit my 'exploring' in the New York shops and other forms of entertainment, because Mummy and Daddy are putting me on a very limited budget. Until now, my allowance was just for 'incidentals' but at Briarcliff, 'incidentals' will also include laundry, wardrobe, commutation tickets to New York, meals and theatres."

"Well, with your Granny Whiting and Aunt Gladys in New York, plus your Mummy and Daddy's wide circle of friends, I think you might scare up a few invitations to help curtail the expense account!" I laughingly assured her. "And, of course,there should be lots of beaus waiting on the stag line for a popular debutante."

"But I don't know many American boys; only the few that I have met in London," Daphne demurred. "Besides I won't be a debutante in New York. The only official deb appearance I'll make will be during the Christmas holidays at the Cotillion Ball, and at Wendy Vanderbilt's coming-out party. The rest of the time I'll be just an ordinary, hard-working freshman, plugging away at a secretarial course." Daphne is a charming, warm, adaptable girl who can, I know, look forward to many happy new friendships back in her homeland.

continued

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Only Richard Hudnut's new Quick has Crystal Clear Lanolized Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating, you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odor. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked right in with Crystal Clear Lotion!

So quick! Wave and wash with ½ the work!

Quick's the quickest! Only Quick's exclusive Crystal Clear Lotion penetrates so fast it lets you wrap more hair on each curler and still get a firm curl to the tips of your hair. So you get a complete new-style wave with just 20 curlers—½ the winding time—½ the waving work! Shampoo instead of rinsing and, from the first minute, your new Quick wave is lanolin-soft, sweet to be near. Use Quick today—be shampoo-fresh tonight!



2 wave size $2.00 plus tax

1 wave size $1.25 plus tax

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Exclusively Yours *continued*

With Anne and Betsy: At the Associated British studios in Elstree, I found Anne Baxter in the midst of a big dramatic scene for a suspense film called "Chase Across A Shadow," Doug Fairbanks Jr.'s first independent film for Warner Brothers release. "This is the finest performance of Anne's career," Doug whispered to me from the sidelines.

"I simply adore working here," Anne enthused during the tea break. So did Betsy Drake, when I lunched with her and her co-star, Ken More, at the Shepperton Studios in Middlesex. Ken, one of England's top male stars, is garnering a large American public, too, through his wonderful comedy performances in "Genevieve," the "Doctor In The House" series, "The Admirable Crichton" and his prize-winning dramatic characterization of war hero, Douglas Bader, in "Reach For The Sky." Betsy, who knows a good actor when she sees one (she gets a lot of homework looking at Cary Grant!) considers herself very lucky to be playing opposite Ken for her British screen bow in "Next To No Time." Betsy also recognizes a good script when she reads one, because, although it isn't generally known, she's a writer herself. You can guess how highly she regards this film when I tell you most of the action takes place aboard the Queen Elizabeth! After Betsy's frightening experience as one of the passengers on the ill-fated Andrea Doria, you'd think she could never face a luxury liner again!

"I couldn't have a few months ago," Betsy confessed, "but now that the nightmarish memories are receding, I could even write about it—and I shall, as soon as I get back to my typewriter in Palm Springs." However, with the resumption of her screen career ("Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" is the film that lured her out of retirement), I suspect Betsy will be in such studio demand, that her acting will take precedence over her pen.



A puzzled Cary steps from underground to London drizzle

Chic Chat: Cary Grant joined Betsy in London just when his other "Affair to Remember"—Deborah Kerr—left for Paris. But, I hasten to assure you, this was by accident, not design. Deborah had to leave for a week of fittings for the beautiful Givenchy wardrobe created by the famous French designer for her next film, "Bonjour Tristesse." She just hated missing one of her favorite leading men. (The other is Bill Holden.) But she did manage to arrive back in London in time to see him, before she had to take off again for location exteriors in Paris and San Tropez, while Bill stayed on in London for another assignment not hard to take: Playing opposite the sextacular Sophia Loren in "Stella." All this and a salary too! . . . I flew from New York, via TWA's new non-stop Jet Streamer, especially for the West End premiere of "The Prince and the Showgirl," and having been to the Radio City Music Hall premiere, too, it was fascinating to see that the audience reaction in New York and London was precisely the same. Everybody thought that costarring two such opposite personalities as Olivier and Monroe was a provocative combination. How sad that after this triumph, Marilyn suffered such a blow in the loss of her expected baby. But happily, doctors have assured her that she can have children in the future.



Unretouched photo of the hands of Mrs. Michyl Veach, St. Louis, Mo. Only right hand was given Jergens care.

PROOF: A few drops stop "detergent hands"

In a scientific test*, over 450 women soaked *both* hands in detergents 3 times a day. In several days, left hands not treated with Jergens Lotion became coarse and red. But right hands, treated with Jergens, stayed soft and lovely. No other lotion similarly tested kept hands so soft and smooth. Jergens Lotion stops *all* chapping and dryness. It doesn't "glove" hands with sticky film... it *penetrates* to help replace natural moisture lost to wind and weather, indoor and outdoor chores. Only 15¢ to $1.

**Notice to doctors and dermatologists — for summary of test write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.*


SOFSET
curl control
BY MAX FACTOR

new MAX FACTOR CURL CONTROL makes straight hair stay curly

...without permanents...without sticky sprays

Now we announce a whole new idea in making the curls you love. An idea that makes every hair spray you've ever seen just plain old-fashioned.

Spray it on...Comb it through...Set your curls to stay!
Only Max Factor Sof-Set Curl Control, with fabulous Protein Polymist, can be sprayed on *first*, to go deep down all through the hair, giving it new body, new flexibility, new natural wave tendencies you never knew you had! And here's a big plus—Protein Polymist not only holds beautiful curls ...it also gives you lovelier, more lustrous hair.

Makes All Other Hair Sprays Old Fashioned!
Now for the first time each and every hair holds in place naturally where you want it—just like you'd been born with curls.



Spray FIRST! Comb it through ... Arrange in your favorite style ...

Change Your Hair To Suit Your Mood
CURL CONTROL makes most hair so easy to manage it can be combed into a new style as easily as you change your hat.

Curls Even Stubborn Hair
Even women who have extremely difficult hair now find that Sof-Set Curl Control lets them re-style their hair often ...in new different ways...and they need pin-up far less often when they make Curl Control spray-first pin-ups.

For extremely resistant hair, Curl Control creates pin-curls that last longer than ever before...hold even in damp or humid weather. That's because Curl Control is sprayed on first! It gets all through the hair before setting and you get that exclusive deep down curls-from-within action that no old-fashioned hair spray could ever get.



Spray FIRST! Comb it through ... Set pin curls that can last from shampoo to shampoo!

Custom Formulated in Two Types—"Fine" or "Medium"
We all know that "fine" hair is much more difficult to control ...but until spray-first Curl Control was created nothing could be done to help "fine" hair problems. Now Max Factor creates Curl Control in two formulas ...one for the special needs of hard-to-manage "fine" hair. It's in the smart pink foil container marked "FINE."

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Obviously, different hair types need different formulas... the wrong spray can cause stiffness or stickiness or be too weak to control properly. Get the Max Factor Curl Control made to suit YOUR own hair...at all cosmetic counters.



Only $1.50 for the large six ounce size...super economy size now only $1.89.

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scented like perfume from Paris that would cost you $25.00 an ounce... blended with pink cold cream





Probably the most lavish soap that ever pampered your skin (yet costs no more than ordinary soaps)

Kept fresh and fragrant in Pink Pearl foil

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times have changed



and so has Photoplay, since 1911, when it first came out, a small newssheet devoted to the best in films. We stuck our necks out. "There's a future for movies," we predicted. It was a lone voice. There were no other movie publications then. We dedicated our issues to a new type of fan, the movie fan, and promised only the finest for the future.

We had no idea how great the future would be, for movies were different then. "Super-spectacles" were breaking records by running, to the tune of a tinny piano, an unheard-of twenty minutes, and Photoplay had to wait sixteen years before hearing Al Jolson "sing in sound" and the birth of talkies.

There were few movie stars. It was up to Photoplay and its readers to help build the young talents of that era—Mary Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Tom Mix and Francis X. Bushman—into the fabulous stars of the future. On Hollywood's future as the film capital, we asked: "Will movies move west from New York?" They did. And so did we. Hollywood made history and Photoplay was there to record and recognize it. In 1920, we gave to the film "Humoresque" a Photoplay Gold Medal. This was the first screen award, predating the Academy Award's Oscar by eight years. We caught the boom and ballyhoo years. Ours were the first on-the-spot photographers.

Their work, today, is collected in New York's Museum of Modern Art. Our writers were among the finest: Eleanor Roosevelt; Pulitzer Prize winners Robert Sherwood and Louis Bromfield; famed novelists Mary Roberts Rinehart and Sherwood Anderson; and the dean of theater critics, Burns Mantle. Terry Ramsaye's series, for Photoplay, on the history of films, became a collector's item. Movies grew up.

So did Photoplay. From a few pages in 1911, we've grown into a vital publication: the largest selling, biggest movie magazine in the world, with British, Australian and Japanese editions. Today, Hollywood is in the throes of a revolution, which, we believe—sticking our necks out once again—can open exciting new vistas. To meet these changes, Photoplay has taken on a new look—a broader outlook. You've noticed it. You've applauded it. And we're tremendously pleased. For now, as almost a half-century ago, Photoplay and you, our readers, are being called upon to make new stars and film history.



J. S. Manheimer

PUBLISHER



we made him a star



This illustration, posed by John for our sister magazine True Story in 1953, sent him on the way to fame

No talent scout tapped him on the shoulder. No studio has ever given him any kind of buildup. Now it can be told—the amazing story of the way only fate, the fans and Photoplay turned an unknown boy named Carmen Orrico into sensational John Saxon

by REBA and BONNIE CHURCHILL

It all began one afternoon late in September, 1953.

Carmen Orrico hurried across Manhattan's traffic-jammed Forty-Second Street and headed for the editorial office of Macfadden Publications. He had a modeling appointment, the third after-school modeling job he'd gotten. "I don't mind the work," he'd told his parents. "I enjoy meeting the people and I'm getting experience. Besides, the money's good, too."

He bought the late evening newspaper, then turned into the huge building, asked the elevator operator for the seventh floor and checked his watch. "Five minutes to spare," he muttered and, getting off, found himself in the reception room.

"Where are the True Story offices?" he asked the receptionist.

"Go left," receptionist Jean Hanson told him, "and ask for the art director."

Half an hour later, slumped against an alley garbage can, his face and arms made to appear bruised and bleeding, Carmen posed for the picture on this page—the picture which was to make him a movie star.

"It was for a True Story (*Continued on page* 119)



Ava Gardner . . . bright and warm as the Spanish sun she loves . . . earthy as the turnip greens of her native North Carolina

by ALEX JOYCE

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Few people have ever attracted as much news space as Ava Gardner. But if you think you know all about her—you don't until you read this story

The folks down in Smithfield, North Carolina, still talk about the night Ava Gardner climbed the old water tower. It was on one of those occasions when their Ava, the famous movie star, had felt the urge to leave her worldly wanderings to return to her native land, an urge she gets with the regularity of a somewhat absent-minded homing pigeon.

It called for a celebration, of course, and such was indeed in progress in the community hall. North Carolina being a dry state, no liquid refreshments more potent than fruit punch were in evidence, though some of the celebrants were making suspicious forays into the dark recesses of the cellar. Be that as it may, a spirit of warmth and good cheer prevailed, with Ava, the honored guest, contributing her full share to the general hilarity.

As the evening wore on, the recollections of happy times past grew more and more mellow. "Ava," one old codger quavered, "I can remember when you were just a little thing, and you used to climb the old water tower. Pretty much of a tomboy, you were." He shook his head sadly, and a trace of a sentimental tear stole down his withered cheeks. "Guess you can't do things like that no more, you bein' such a grand lady and all."

There was a gleam in Ava's eye as she handed her punch cup to the nearest bystander. "Come on, pop," she said. "I'll show you."

Without another word, off she marched, out of the hall and down the street, the rest of the company following in a gay, irregular procession. When she reached the water tower, looming high and awesome in the darkness, she didn't hesitate a moment. Kicking off her dainty high-heeled slippers, she grasped the rungs with a firm hold and slowly and surely made her way up, up, up until her triumphant shout and a wave of her light scarf told the gaping onlookers she'd (*Continued on page* 108)



Have you ever been so deeply hurt that you've said to yourself: To heck with what others think! So much on the defensive you've figured: If they won't try to understand me, can't remain unbiased and refuse to give a guy the benefit of the doubt, then why should I care about them? Why should I bother to explain? I owe them nothing! As far as I'm concerned, you rationalize hotly, they can all go soak their heads!

I went through such a phase last January when Venetia (Stevenson) and I separated and, subsequently, were divorced. While I'm not particularly proud of my attitude, in retrospect I know that in a way it was right—right for me *at the time.* How else can you react when your heart and head are tied in knots, when you feel you're being pulled in a dozen different directions?

Sometimes it takes days, weeks and months before you adjust your life and regain a normal perspective. The process is painful, too, but worth it because it enables you to see yourself through the wrong end of the telescope. By this I mean that everything pertaining to you is for the first time minimized, and you no longer magnify its importance. When this happens, you start evaluating again.

It's happened to me, and that's why I'm anxious to write this open letter to you.

There have been many published and verbal "inside" versions of what happened between Venetia and me. Most of them were based on conjecture and some were out-and-out lies! Let me say right now that you will never read the *true* story, as we won't discuss what concerns only us and must be kept, we feel, just for ourselves.

On the other hand, there *is* something to say that has never been said before. Another reason for this letter.

If time would permit, how I wish (*Continued on page* 96)



Since their divorce, writes Russ, "Venetia and I have become close friends. I believe we share better understanding than ever before."

A lot of love went into our divorce

an open letter from RUSS TAMBLYN

by DICK SHEPPARD

Of all the wild stories about Anthony Franciosa,

how many can be believed? Was he really a sad, hungry slum kid who stole? Why did he get into trouble?

Is he moody, mixed-up? To separate fact from fiction, Photoplay went to the person who knows Tony best—his mother. Here is . . .

THE TRUTH ABOUT MY SON

Behind the big, low coffee table, in a corner of the huge couch in her son's elegant apartment on Central Park West, Anthony Franciosa's mother sat stiffly, her hands clasped tightly. This was the first interview she had given, and although she was somewhat nervous, it was clear that she felt this was something she had to do.

"Last night, my phone rang," she said. "It was someone I didn't know, a perfect stranger, asking me, 'Is it true, what I've read about your son, that he was so poor he had nothing but rags to wear and went out and stole things from stores to have something for Christmas?'" Her voice trembled. "It was such a terrible thing for me, such a shock. . . . It's not true! Why do they tell these lies? Why do they make up these things?"

It was Tony's bride, Shelley Winters, who in her time has suffered her own full share of distortions, half-truths and out-and-out lies about her private life, who tried to comfort her.

"Shelley told me the best thing to do is just ignore these things, that you just can't let them bother you and get you down. But it's so hard . . ." Hard indeed, for a mother whose son, through many long difficult years, has been the center of her whole existence and whose current fame has brought so many problems.

Tony's youthful, very attractive aunt, Elsie Franciosa, nodded sympathetically. "There just isn't any truth in these stories," she said vehemently. "We weren't rich people, of course, but all of us lived well. We always had good clothes to wear, and plenty of good food to eat, and a nice apartment to live in, even when times weren't so good."

"That's right," Tony's mother said. "Oh, there were times when I did without things. But it was always so that Tony wouldn't have to go without anything."

Seeing these two trim, vigorous women, it would have been difficult to picture the Franciosa clan as anything but energetic and successful. Far from the popular conception of Tony's folks as unlettered Italian immigrants, they are second generation Americans who speak English well and without a trace of (*Continued on page* 97)

by SAL MINEO

the king and me

I'll never forget my first meeting with Yul Brynner. He was a big star. I was a thirteen-year-old kid, and I was scared to death! But that was only the beginning . . .



One hot summer night in August, 1952, I appeared backstage of the theater where the stage version of "The King and I" was playing. For more than a year I had been acting as understudy for the boy who was playing the part of the Crown Prince but I had never had a chance to go on for him. Now he was leaving for his vacation and I was taking over his role for the first time that night.

Despite the fact that this was my big opportunity—or maybe because of it—I was scared. For one thing, I was only thirteen years old and had been in only one production before. For another, I would be playing with Yul Brynner, and though I had never met him, there was something about the man that terrified me.

I had seen "The King and I" several times from the audience. I had watched Yul from the wings for over a year. He was so very stern as the King with his Oriental makeup, his broad, unrestrained gestures, his very loud voice, that I thought he must be that way off the stage too. I had heard he had a good sense of humor but I couldn't believe it. I couldn't see how anyone who played the King as ruthlessly as Yul Brunner, *could* have a sense of humor!

Looking back, I don't know why I should have been so afraid of him, (*Continued on page* 100)

"By the time Yul directed me on NBC-TV's 'Omnibus' I'd learned he's really a very kind person"





Hollywood experts spotted these new faces in a single movie, a single scene. Could you pick them as star material? Can you name the films and the players?

how good

This cut-up job was the kid's own idea—but the director promptly put it into the finished film. If you didn't know that the boy's mother is a great actress, that his father was a famous if eccentric writer, would you spot him as star material? Hollywood did. The boy began his acting career when he was eight, in summer stock. Before this movie debut, he did the same role in the TV original, first titled "Deal a Blow." The Hollywood version of the story was a triumph for youth, with producer, director and author all under thirty—and a star under twenty. But the young actor is going at his new career with caution. He leads a double life. After completing "A Light in the Forest" for Walt Disney this summer, he's returning to the routine of a Harvard scholar. Movies must wait till next summer. Like many adopted children, this boy has taken on the talents and characteristics of the parents who lovingly chose him, carefully guided him.

If you concentrate on your movies, you might have caught this topnotch fashion model introducing a top tune-film. Ironically, it was the feminine star of that movie who, without jealousy, recommended the newcomer for a lead opposite Cary Grant. The producer was skeptical. "Can she act?" Anyhow, he shot a wire to Paris. Our girl thought the screen-test offer was a gag. Money? Glamour? Who needed them? As a $120-an-hour cover girl, she enjoyed more of both than movies could give her. When she finally arrived for the test, studio people weren't enchanted. "Tall and lean as a Texas Ranger," they said. "No sex." But the camera disagreed. She got the part.



a talent scout are you?

You couldn't have missed her. The Greenwich Village girl with her crazy, lonesome chatter must have surprised you as much as she did the hero of the recent shock film. But did her temporarily dark hair fool you? The actress herself is a blonde (and another Texas girl). She made her first movie impression in Bill Holden's "The Turning Point," as a brassy, little gangland sweetie. Later, she played a non-talking dog-walker for Sinatra. Now much in demand, she's married to a writer. A chronic worrier, she goes in for yoga, studies Hindu philosophy and stands on her head "to ease her brain." *(continued)*





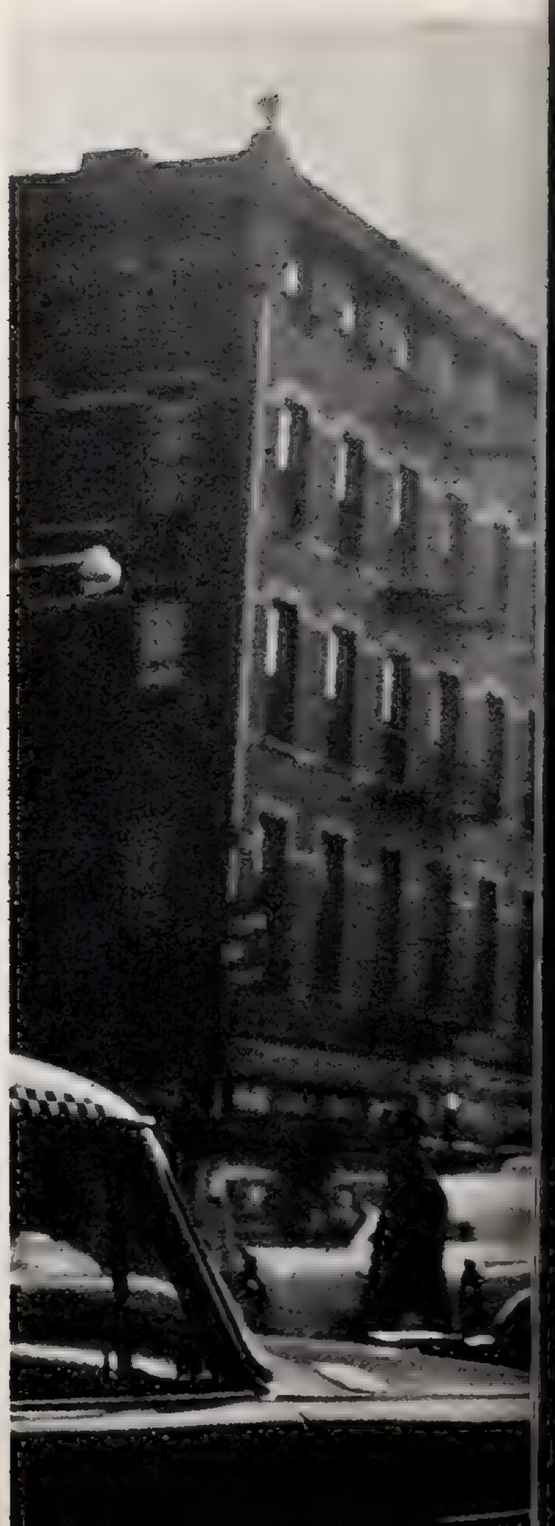
Half Italian, half Irish, tall and voluptuous, she gave glamour the go-by for her first lead, as wife (and widow) of a union organizer. From her childhood in Rome, she remembers a game her mother devised to keep her quiet. "Tomorrow," Mama would say, "we go to America." The little girl would eagerly pick up her toys and get ready. When young friends asked her what she'd do in America, she'd say confidently, "I'll be a secretary." She moved to New York at fifteen; now, six years later, she's an American citizen; U-I and Columbia share her contract; M-G-M borrowed her for two choice roles.

how good a talent scout are you?



Philadelphia-born, but also of Italian descent, this classically beautiful and firmly virile youth took on the juvenile-delinquent guise for his initial picture. Before that, his only show-business experience had been as a teenage singer in small neighborhood nightclubs—for no dough and with Papa always on hand as a chaperone for the under-age youngster. Now twenty-one, he's currently playing a brother of Richard Conte's for Columbia.

Here's another newcomer who started her career at the top—with the chief feminine role in a much-discussed exposé film. She admits she was halfway through the picture before she really knew what she was doing. Suddenly, everything clicked, and she felt assurance. She was raised in the solid family atmosphere of the Bronx, New York. Jobs as a waitress and a model came first. Modeling, the girl says, was pretty dull.





Like other movie beauties before her, she hails from Sweden, but you can't hear any trace of the Svenska in her voice. That's because she came to the U.S. with her parents when she was thirteen. She had summer-stock experience, played the night-club show girl, sold soap and acted dramas on TV before she broke into movies. This she did in a big way—as heroine to Mr. Show Business himself.





Well, more than one guy has struck it rich with a guitar! This hulking, amiable character from North Carolina is no threat to Elvis; he's a personality all on his own—actor first, singer only incidentally. With wife Barbara, he did an off-hand vaudeville act that was applauded in the South and finally made our hero a recording star. On Broadway and TV, he scored a smash as a lovable GI, but on film you saw him first playing a thoroughgoing heel.

Look for names of players and films on page 33

Exclusive!

Liz Taylor's fight for life



Huge, sumptuous rooms of Villa Fiorentina were made for lavish entertaining, but the Todds stayed in seclusion

Idling about the grounds, sunning herself by the sea on the Riviera, Liz lived a life of pampered luxury

At the dinner table in the Todds' twenty-three room estate at Westport, Conn., Liz Taylor sat, smiling gaily. Suddenly, her lovely face contorted with pain. Casting one helpless, pleading look at Mike, she collapsed, dark hair tumbling on the white cloth.

Mike rushed her to the hospital . . . "she'll rest until it's safe to perform a Caesarean," he said . . . two days later, at 9:00 a.m. an emergency consultation . . . at 12:00 noon, the operation . . . at 12:03 p.m., the birth of Elizabeth Frances Todd. For fourteen minutes, she did not breathe. The doctors worked feverishly, desperately, to save her mother . . .

During the exciting months that preceded the crisis, Mike and Liz knew it was coming. For that reason, they had gone into seclusion on the Riviera, barring all photographers. For that reason, so much about their hectic, fabulous life can be explained . . .

Mexico . . . New York . . . Hollywood . . . Palm Springs . . . the

Their fabulous life of the past months, their guarded seclusion on the Riviera—only Liz and Mike knew the dreaded reason for it







New jewels, new furs and gown bedeck Liz at each public appearance. Mike buys her diamonds as if they were bonbons



Wide-eyed Debbie Reynolds "oh'd" and "ah'd" at the Todd splendors, including sun room filled with canaries, when she visited Liz

Mike Todd showers surprises on Liz' sons, Chris and Michael Wilding, too. Sighs Liz happily, "At last I've found myself a man"

Riviera . . . Paris . . . London. Halfway round the world and back again, the Todds have traveled, with Mike scattering Yankee dollars as if he had a private mint and Liz swathed in luxury such as even she had never imagined.

Catching up with the dynamic Mr. Todd, who goes on his whirlwind way at a pace that leaves others panting, is no mean feat. So, when he finally consented to an interview, it was a very exciting prospect. Would Mike go into details about his fabulous marriage to Liz?

Seated (*Continued on page* 112)

Part III • by DICK SHEPPARD

STARS

Hollywood couldn't beat

Determination, perseverance and ingenuity are marks of the indestructibles. Unwearied persistence and a clever use of the gray matter can often bring about that fervently desired show-business break, and further, can make the difference between a healthy career and oblivion. Such a sketch pinpoints Bill Holden.

The debut of Bill in the film world was a case of overnight stardom. And he went on to even bigger things. But his greatest fame was to begin eleven years after his career first got underway.

It was 1939. A search was on for a young actor to play the role of the violinist-prizefighter hero in "Golden Boy"—a tall order. Director Rouben Mamoulian auditioned (*Continued on page* 115)





Bill Holden, handed stardom early in life, had to prove himself worthy of it, won lasting fame eleven years later



Henry Fonda once wanted no part of Hollywood. Filmdom had tough time luring him from New York stage but finally won, and succession of hit movies followed. Then a slump, until immortal "Mister Roberts." At right, Hank on "Tin Star" set with actors Ray, Perkins, Palmer







Glamorous Barbara Stanwyck, then and now. She has been many things—twice divorced, four times an Oscar nominee but never a winner. She's known for her candor, superior talent, honest portrayals, intensity and richness of voice. Known as "The Queen," she says she loves working



Playing a cocky little punk that audience loved and hated, Jimmy Cagney hit the top, has been boxoffice champ for thirty years. His ability to call forth both sympathy and censure at once can be achieved only by a talent such as Jimmy possesses





THE HEART HAS REASONS

What does Ingrid feel as she picks up the pieces of her past life and heads for Rome and Roberto Rossellini?



by ALJEAN MELTSIR

On the hottest days of the hot Italian summer, the roads from Rome are choked with dust. Dust coats the ripening wine grapes. It laces the black bread and cheese that the peasants carry and sifts into the wool of their grazing sheep. Towards evening it swirls above another flock—of sleek Maseratis, Ferraris and Alfa-Romeos.

On such an evening, Ingrid Bergman retreated from Rome to her villa at Santa Marinella. Like the dust she was swept along by an ominous eastern wind. The tires of her white Ferrari traced a single word across the miles of uneven brick road:

Ro . . ber . . to. Ro . . ber . . to. Roberto.

Past the shepherds. *Ro . . . ber . . . to.* Past the sheep. *Ro . . . ber . . . to.* Past the olive orchards. *Ro . . . ber . . . to.* Past the vineyards of muscats and tokays, spicing the twilight with all the ripe smells of summers gone and summers lost.

She drove too fast. The Ferrari lurched in protest.

Roberto had always driven too fast. This car was his "summer Ferrari," yet four times he had raced it through the mountains (*Continued on page* 90)



Before leaving Paris for Rome, Ingrid and Jennie Ann slip away from photographers and news hounds to spend a happy interlude strolling along sun-drenched Left Bank in reunion after six years. They pause at colorful book stalls overflowing with gay watercolors, old volumes, prints

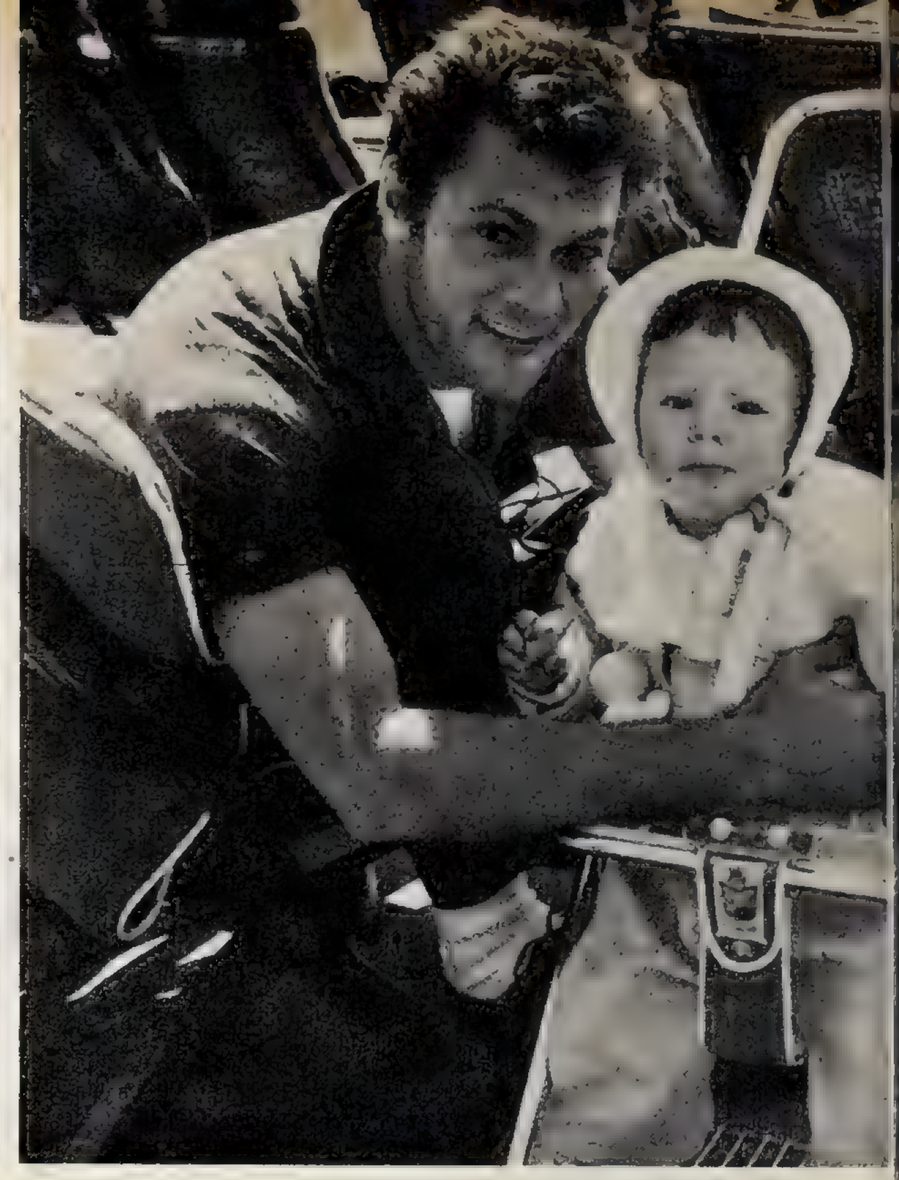
A quiet mother-and-daughter joke, enjoyed together in Ingrid's hotel room and through her invisible veil of heartache



Like most Paris tourists, the two window shop, browse, stop for chat with gendarme and make arrangements for La Tour Eiffel excursion







These are "The Traveling Curtises" aboard the Ile De France. (And isn't Tony starting to look like a Viking?)

Wish you were here



Tony took pictures



I wrote the diary

Well here we are—the veddy British-type Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis, happily ensconced in the penthouse of London's Dorchester Hotel, drinking tea, saying "bobby" as glibly as the natives and rubbernecking our way through Trafalgar Square. In other words, we're having a ball!

Remember that mad last day we saw you in New York? I promised to keep a diary of our trip, and you all laughingly said I'd never do it? Well, here it is!

FRIDAY, NEW YORK.

I can't believe we're finally *going*. For weeks, Tony and I have been planning this trip to Europe—to England and points south and west to make our picture, "The Vikings." It got so that I was counting time in terms of "Two months before we leave for England," . . . then "three weeks" . . . then "three days." Only when we finally got around to packing and boarding the East-bound plane for New York did I finally accept it as reality, and now that we're in New (*Continued on page* 106)



Kelly's learning to feed herself, but we still help her with the last few spoonfuls



Above: Kelly thinks bathtubs are for fun!
Right: She and Tony enjoy an English park

In memory of Jimmy

To mark that day, two years ago, when James Dean died, Photoplay pays tribute with the stories of two girls who knew him—one unknown, the other a star



"When I first met Jimmy, he looked like a straggly, hungry kid who needed a friend. Later, I found he always looked that way."

She was a struggling dancer. He was a lonely actor. Together in the cold, hard city of New York they loved, and laughed and dreamed. This is Elizabeth Sheridan's own story:

The first time I ever knew that Jimmy Dean existed was one afternoon at the Rehearsal Club in New York. It was raining. He was sitting in the living room, and I heard him ask a lot of other girls if he could borrow an umbrella, and nobody seemed particularly interested in whether he got wet or not. So I loaned him mine and he was overly grateful. A couple of days later, he came back and returned it. One of the biggest interests that he had at the time was bullfighting. He caught my interest because I was also interested in bullfighting. That, I think, was the important reason we got together at the very beginning.

Then, I was dancing in a trio, two boys and me, and we were rehearsing about two or three blocks away, and one night these two guys came to the Rehearsal Club for a rehearsal that we were going to have, and Jimmy asked if he could come along and watch. So he did, and he was very much impressed by the whole thing. We had a habit of stopping in this place—a little neighborhood joint—to have something to eat before we went home, and Jimmy came along with us.

I remember it was a very funny incident. We liked a certain kind of beer that was out at the time called Champale. It seemed it was somebody's birthday, but I can't remember whose it was, and Jimmy was, more or less, my date. The waiter, when I ordered Champale, thought I said *champagne*, and he came back and he brought a bottle of champagne and Jimmy's eyes almost popped out, because at that time he was living at the "Y" and he didn't have a cent, and he was borrowing from everyone in town and, instead of saying, "You made a mistake of some kind," he said, "Oh no, I can pay for it." He made a big thing about that. It was funny. (*Continued on page* 102)

Natalie Wood reviews "The James Dean Story"



I love movies. If I didn't, I'd be in some other business. Just the same, I dreaded going to the screening of "The James Dean Story." I was invited to the first Hollywood showing, put on by the Screen Directors Guild. As you must know, this picture had a personal meaning for me. And it must have had the same hypnotic appeal for a lot of other people in the industry, because the theater was packed. I noticed several of Jimmy Dean's friends there —people like Dennis Hopper, Marlon Brando.

I'm sure they felt just as I did: Can we last through the picture? Will we still be here when the title "The End" comes on and the projectionists shut off the machine? I didn't think I would be there.

But I was. The picture held me from start to finish. I'll tell you why we were all worried. We weren't afraid of being overcome by emotion. We were afraid that the picture would distort and change the Jimmy that we knew. Sure, he wore a leather jacket and motorcycle boots; sure, he raced his cars. But the violence that accompanies too many of the kids who follow him was not part of his makeup. And we were afraid that this stranger Jimmy Dean would be the boy in the picture.

We all knew that this film was designed for one purpose, like most movies: to make money. But this money-making venture was based on the death of a friend of ours. I thought that Jimmy Dean's death on September 30, 1955, would be just the basis for somebody's financial gain. So I was ready to get up and run out of the theater. I didn't, because I found myself looking at a picture beautifully done, in the best of taste.

The makers of "The James Dean Story" were as honest as they could be in making this film. And it could have so easily been what I feared. We've heard too much of the legend about Jimmy Dean. This legend would have been the practical reason for making a profitable picture about Jimmy. Instead, the picture destroys that reason. It separates the legend from the real Jimmy Dean. And, at the same time, it shows us both.

More important, it establishes—and it does this definitely—*that he is dead.* The pictorial reenactment and later evidence shown should stop, once and for all, the ghoulish tales that try to contradict the death certificate. These weird stories have only disgusted and saddened people who really loved him, because we know he would have accepted the fact of death just as he accepted and welcomed life. It's something that happens to all of us.

Watching this full-length feature, running eighty minutes, I was fascinated by the amazing quality of the black and white photography. The biography-documentary is told in a most unusual fashion, combining film clips of Jimmy, his family, his friends, his acquaintances who might have become friends if there had been more time. Clips from his three movies are included, so moviegoers can compare the Jimmy they knew with the Jimmy his close friends knew.

Some of the real-life footage is truly great. And some of it looks pretty corny and amateurish. But that only makes it seem more real, because it's like the home movies you might take in your own backyard—of people you know as well as we knew Jimmy.

The movie often uses still pictures of Jimmy and his friends. And the "Camera Eye" technique brings all these to life. On the sound track, you hear Jimmy's voice or the voices of people who knew him or the voice of Martin Gabel, a fine actor who does the narrating. The whole story is tied together so well that it seems like any of the wonderful feature-film biographies made about famous personalities, in or out of show business.

"No matter how long I live," you hear the voice saying at the beginning, "it won't be long enough." Then come the terrible noises of the crash (*Continued on page* 102)

PHOTOPLAY VISITS A MOVIE SET

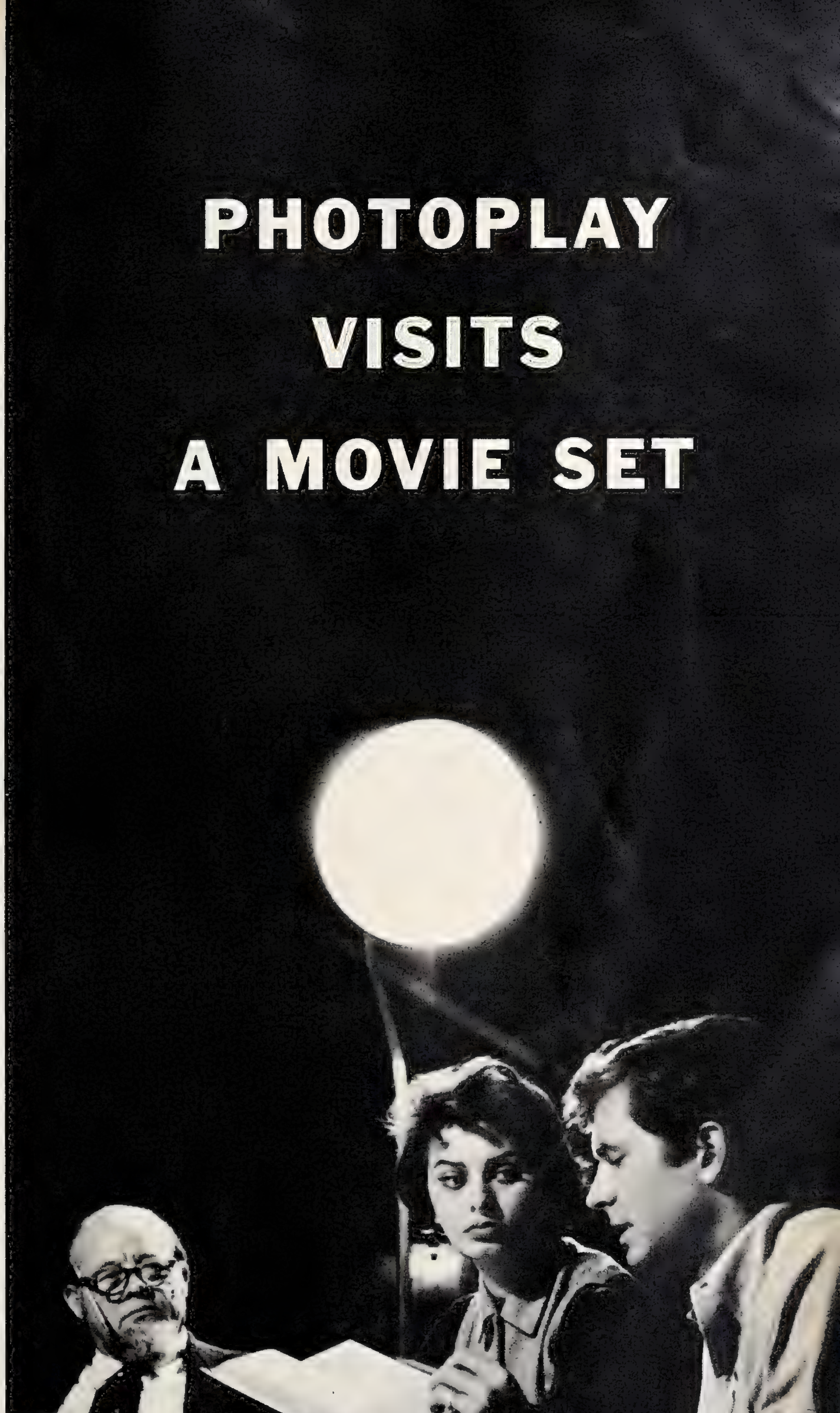
Colossal spectacles—with the traditional "cast of thousands"—get most publicity in the film-making department. But a strong, intimate drama like Paramount's "Desire Under the Elms," requiring a full staff of only about fifty people, demands as grueling work from each one of them. Preparation started two and a half years before the assistant director ever shouted, "Roll 'em!"

Producer Don Hartman assigned Irwin Shaw, top dramatist in his own right, to make an acceptable shooting script from the explosive Eugene O'Neill play. When the picture was first planned, not one of the stars, not even the movie's director was a top name. Anthony Perkins was a kid on TV. Burl Ives was a singer of ballads. Sophia Loren was a shape in Italian movies. Delbert Mann was a TV director.

All four of these people came together to tackle the hardest movie-making job of their lives. Tony and Sophia had met in Rome, while he was making "This Bitter Earth." They met next in producer Hartman's office, with Ives also on hand (right). And they faced their trial.

These are all working people, but they knew they'd be (*continued*)

photographed by BILL AVERY



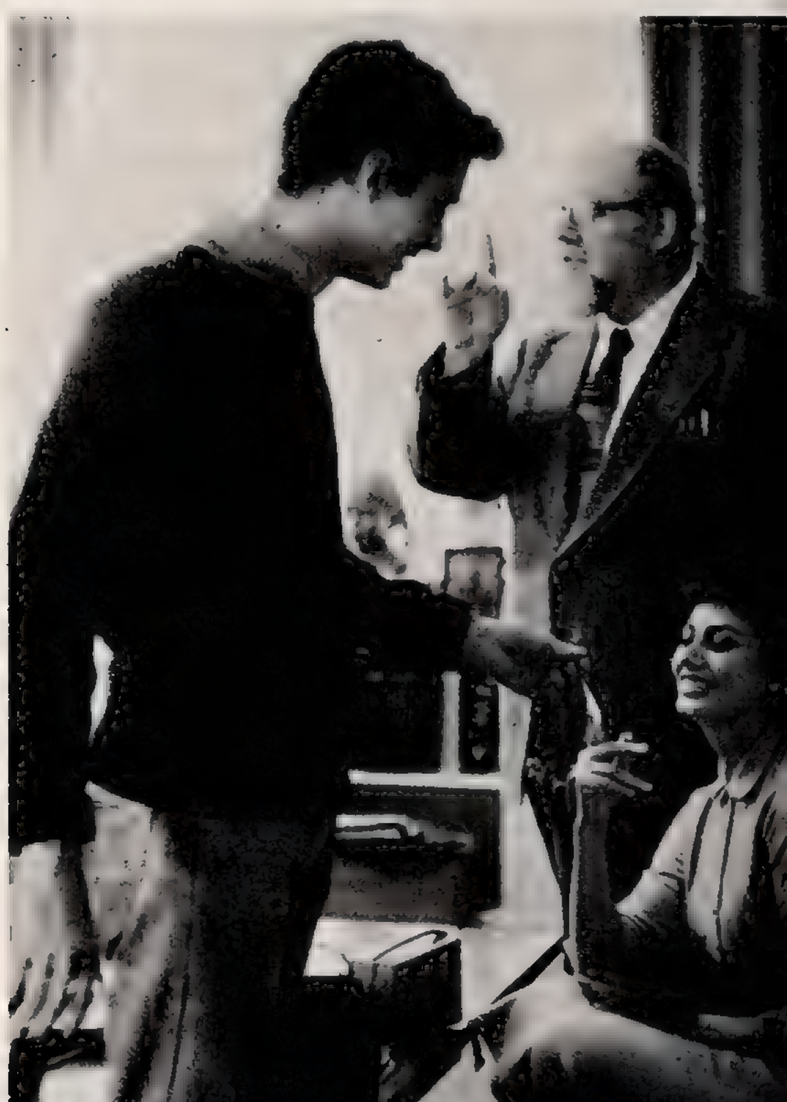
MOVIE SET

continued

together on utterly personal terms: Burl, playing the hard-bitten New England father; Tony, one of his rebellious sons; Sophia, Burl's self-assured, land-hungry third wife, who takes Tony as her lover.

And they are completely different people. Sophia is the mercurial Italian, frankly temperamental but gentle and kind. After the efficient eight weeks of shooting-time began, she found that some of her American co-workers were being just as excitable as she was. "Maybe it was my fault," she laughs. "Maybe I made all the people on the set feel emotional like Italians."

Between preparation and shooting, all three had changed. Tony had become a teenagers' idol; Sophia, an international (*Continued on page* 77)



Three weeks of rehearsal before the cameras rolled prepared Tony, Burl and Sophia for tough dramatic scenes

Up at 5 a.m., Sophia arrived daily at 6:45. Nellie Manly ordered a wig to cover the too-short modern hairdo

Designer Jeakins checked with the New York Historical Society so that Tony's 1850 clothes would be right





With the help of fitter, Sophia's wardrobe was a compromise: minus petticoat, plus old-time waist-cincher

Publicity demands kept a full corps of photographers after the star and her friend from Italy, Maria Angeli



The voluptuous Loren frame (38-23-38) picked up five pounds in one Hollywood week —sandwiches for lunch! Back to pasta dishes







Location luxuries impressed Sophia, used to the more informal Italian style of filming. She enjoyed the no-muss chair and trailer dressing room







With instructions from director Delbert Mann, Tony and Sophia are set for idyllic scene of hillside love

MOVIE SET

continued

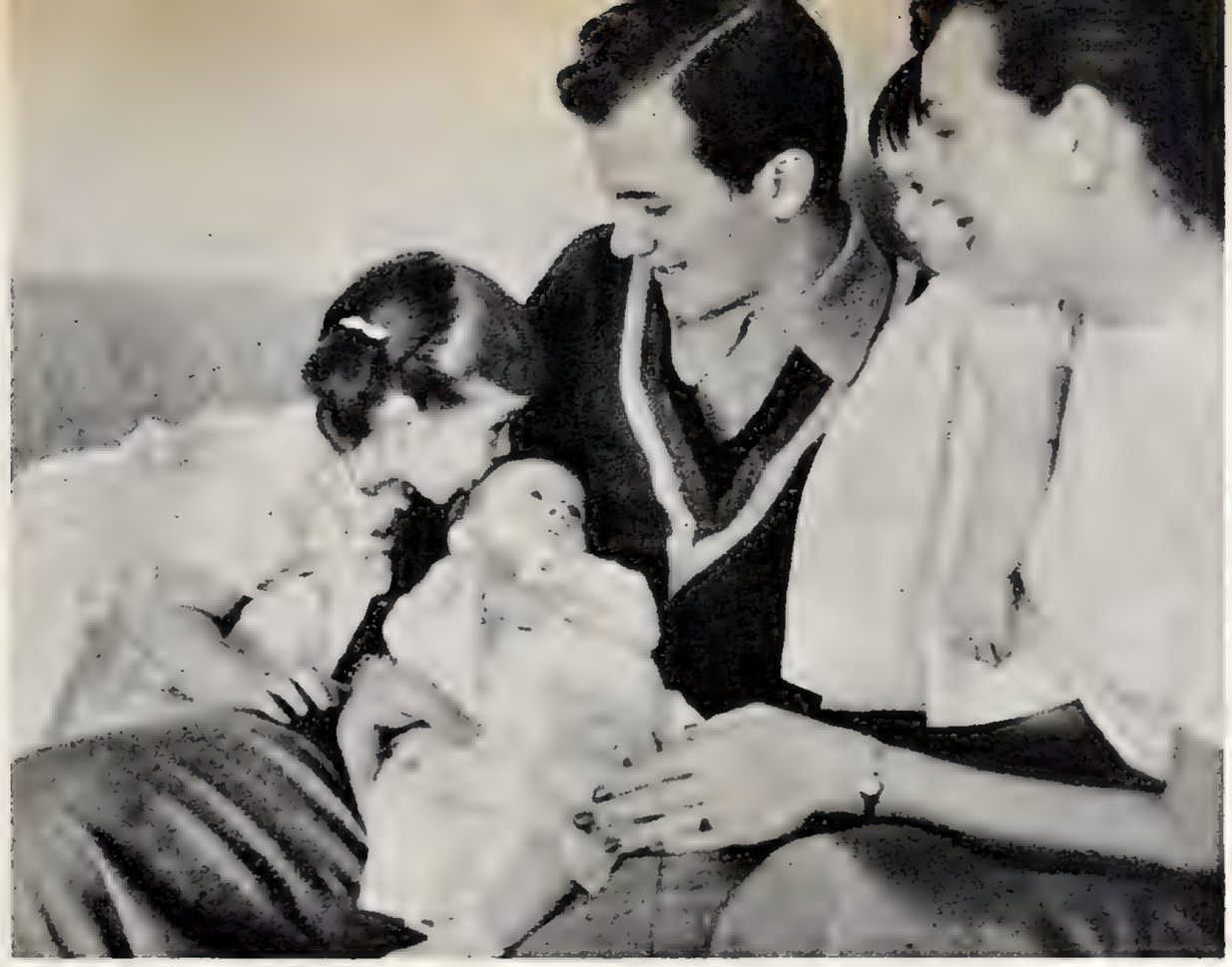
star; Burl, a Broadway star. A few years older than Tony, Sophia looked on him as "a young boy," but she was amazed by his ability to handle any professional situation. They shared an interest in music; but Sophia goes for bop or calypso, and Tony's a ballad man. Then, too, he was used to younger girls. The atmosphere of the picture is humidly sexy, but there was no such to-do on the set.

Sophia likes jazz; Burl goes for folk songs, as always. How do you translate "The Blue-Tailed Fly" into Italian? But Sophia, Burl and Tony all pitched into dramatic scenes like the true professionals they are. After Sophia had a baby (in the film), Tony sent her a bouquet of red roses with a note reading: "To the mother of my child." ARMAND ARCHERD

"Now I lay me down to sleep
And pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
God bless Mommy, God bless Daddy,
God bless Steve Allen,
God bless Arthur Godfrey,
God bless Rin Tin Tin . . ."



by MAXINE ARNOLD



"I want my children to have the kind of influence my parents had on me," says Pat of his tots Cherry and Linda, baby Deborah

can an actor stay good?

People who think of show business as the height of worldly temptation often ask that question. Many times, Pat Boone has asked it of himself. This is his answer

Shirley Boone greeted Photoplay's photographer at the door of the Boones' modest suburban home in Leonia, N. J., with a warm smile and a firm handclasp.

"Come in," she said. "Pat's upstairs. You can go right up."

Tiptoeing lest he disturb the baby Boones at their afternoon naps, our lensman mounted the stairs. From a room down the hall came a clear, childish treble, ". . . and God bless Rin Tin Tin . . ."

As three-year-old Cherry Boone rattled off the rest of her beloved TV favorites, he stole to the doorway and snapped the lovely picture on the opposite page.

Although taken unaware in this photo, Pat Boone, who stands firmly at the very top of the entertainment world, is one actor who is not ashamed to be pictured on his knees.

In a modest white church on Rossmore Avenue, a few blocks from Hollywood's Tin Pan Alley, or in a simple house of worship dwarfed by huge apartment houses in New York's teeming East Eighties, not far from the blare of Broadway, Pat Boone often leads the congregation of the Church of Christ in an old hymn:

"Saviour, lead me lest I stray,
Gently lead me all the way.
I am safe when by Thy side,
I will in Thy love abide."

He has known the hymn by heart since he was ten. But today, the words have a new, deeper, and very personal meaning for him, for Pat Boone's faith is being put to the test every day with ever increasing pressure, and he clearly knows it. (*Continued on next page*)



"How could any man hang onto his faith without his wife's cooperation? Shirley's invaluable!"

Undercover Strategy

begins with Skippies by

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Formfit Bras and
Skippies Girdles also available
in handy pick-up packages

When you've planned a candle-light dinner-for-two (perhaps a first anniversary) and the mood is definitely romantic . . . your smartest line begins with Skippies by Formfit. For this is the light-hearted slimming that conceals yet reveals the very loveliest you. Start your strategy with Skippies. At fine stores everywhere.

Skippies Pantie 843 (matching Girdle 943) slims and trims with light Nylon elastic net. Satin-elastic panels front and back. 2½-in. waistband. S. M. L. **$7.50** Ex. L. **$7.95.** Shown with **"Romance"** Bra 566 in White Cotton. Sizes 32A to 38C. $2.00

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HOSTESS OUTFIT BY GRETA PLATTRY

can an actor stay good?

continued



Pat's faith begins at home, where he helps dress the children for church

Following up the great success of his first movie, "Bernardine," 20th Century-Fox promptly offered Pat the starring role in another film, "April Love." Like "Bernardine," which he heartily approved because it presented teenagers with sympathetic understanding, it is a charming, wholesome story, and he accepted it. His costar is to be the equally charming and wholesome Shirley Jones. But when Pat was shown the finished script, he balked. There was a scene in it in which he was to take Shirley in his arms and kiss her.

"I just can't do that," Pat explained to the flabbergasted executives. "It's against my religion to put my arms around or kiss any woman except my wife." For Hollywood, this was unheard of! After all, it was just playacting, advisers told him. Both Shirleys—Boone and Jones—would understand. Acting had to be realistic.

Pat stood his ground. The scene came out. In its place, the harried script-writers substituted one in which the kiss is merely suggested by a lipstick mark on Pat's face.

Pat can't help but realize that he was in a position to win this bout so easily because he is one of the hottest show business personalities today. With one hit record after another sweeping the country—his "Love Letters in the Sand" topped every record poll for weeks—who's going to argue with him? (*Continued on page* 117)

FREE



Max Factor's new **hi-fi** Lipstick
75¢ size

when you buy Max Factor's new hi-fi Fluid Make-up...

the new make-up discovery that makes you look naturally lovely in any light... day or night



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And how you'll love your Hi-Fi Lipstick! It's Max Factor's new kind of lipstick—gives you everything you want, all in one lipstick: vibrant Hi-Fi color that glides on, stays on till you take it off. No blotting or waiting to set—yet it never dries your lips.

Today — buy a bottle of Max Factor's Hi-Fi Fluid Make-up. Your 75¢ size Hi-Fi Lipstick is *absolutely free.* And you pay only 1.75 for both... the price of Hi-Fi Make-up alone! But don't delay... this special offer is on sale for a limited time only.



by HARRIET SEGMAN

Starry-eyed about her

blooming career, teenager

Natalie Trundy is down to earth

about a girl's most

precious beauty asset—her skin



Favorite snacks are fruit or cottage cheese on rye wafers. No gooey treats for this girl

the object of your complexion

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO



"If I don't get enough rest, my skin shows it," Natalie admits. She tries for ten hours of sleep, never settles for less than eight

A soap and water fiend (left), she always scrubs her face three times a day, rinses like mad, then dries briskly with a rough towel

It's a rare girl who dreams of becoming a movie star—and does it. Practically overnight! Just as unusual is a seventeen-year-old who's discovered where beauty really begins and how to develop it. Natalie Trundy is both. You'll see her talent prominently displayed in two new U. A. releases, "The Monte Carlo Story" and "The Careless Years." For one of her first national-magazine appearances, Photoplay brings to you Natalie's system for turning young natural assets into the kind of fresh, scrubbed, flower-like good looks known 'round the world as "American." Blond and blue-eyed, with flawless complexion, Natalie admits that sparkling eyes "happen when you're doing what you want to do more than anything else in the world." The corn-silk hair, she says, "came with the rest of my face." About her smooth, dewy skin, Natalie firmly rules out luck. "No matter what a girl's coloring," she insists, "good looks start with a clear complexion. And that means inside as well as outside care." The inside story begins with the right groceries, says Natalie, who scorns what she calls "empty calories"—foods lacking important nutrients, vitamins and minerals. She gets these skin beautifiers in meats, eggs, fresh fruits and vegetables, says a firm "No" to sweets, spices, fried foods, chocolate and rich desserts. She loves liver, with its mammoth amounts of iron, reaps extra protein benefits from cottage cheese (her favorite salad dressing), turns up her already tilted nose *(Continued)*



your complexion

continued

at coffee and soda fountain treats to drink, daily, four to six glasses of milk, four or five of water. Result: the kind of translucent skin tone that comes only from inside. A veteran at seventeen, Natalie became a child model at ten and played feature roles on top TV programs while attending Professional Children's School. Always with her eye on Broadway. She made it, appeared at thirteen in "A Girl Can Tell," and later, with Shirley Booth in "By the Beautiful Sea." Like most models, she's learned that enough rest is a must for a smooth, radiant complexion. "During the week," says Natalie, "I have no dates and try for ten hours of sleep." Part of the glow, she admits, comes from lots of tennis, swimming, riding and iceskating. But when juggling a busy schedule leaves skimpy time for fun, she fits in the fresh air and exercise she needs by walking to and from appointments and walking her three French poodles. (Two were a surprise gift from Sam Taylor, director of "The Monte Carlo Story.") With the creamy coloring that usually comes with freckles—she's got those, too—her skin is remarkably free of the blemishes that plague most teens. "It's not for nothing," says Natalie, a soap and water fiend, who insists on treating her face to a thorough sudsing three times a day—come European location trips or endless TV rehearsal grinds. She's learned what dermatologists confirm, that soap is mildly antiseptic, killing some of the bacteria that cause trouble and lowering the vitality of others. "A good sudsing," she adds, "not only whisks off soil and stale make-up and helps prevent bumps, it also tones up muscles and stirs up lazy circulation." This takes more than a fast pass with a soapy washcloth. Natalie's "facial" begins with a mild soap, worked into a rich lather and massaged well into her skin with circular motions. Just as important is thorough rinsing with warm, then cold water until no speck of suds remains. "When I think I've rinsed enough—then I rinse some more—and dry with the roughest towel I can find. I guess I sound like a real-life 'soap opera,'" laughs the shiny-eyed girl with the glowing career—and complexion to match.

"Exercise is funny stuff," says Natalie. "If I think I'm too tired to move, I skip rope for a few minutes and I'm not tired any more"

PAJAMA GAME FASHIONS

You can wear hearts on more than your sleeve, be pretty or princely in bold "prisoner" pajamas exactly like those featured in "The Pajama Game"



In rousing finale of "The Pajama Game," Doris Day wears the top, John Raitt sports the bottoms. Available in broadcloth or flannelette in complete sets. Men's, A B C D, about $6; Women's, 32-40, about $6. Or husband and wife share a pair ($10). ABOVE: Carol Haney, Eddie Foy, Jr., wear bold striped broadcloth. Men's, A B C D, $5; Women's, 32-40, about $5. Also for boys and girls. Weldon Pajamas, Inc.

by SUE KREISMAN

PAJAMAS — *newest party-goers*

Introduce your social circle to a fun idea: how to play in pajamas . . . including such specifics as music, refreshments, games, atmosphere and a good old-fashioned hen session

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAY SOLOWINSKI

PHONOGRAPH BY RCA VICTOR





Pajamas don't just go to bed any more. Styled as smartly as sports clothes and with as much variety as dresses, they're intended to be seen—whether entertaining at home, loafing or watching TV. And they're fun! You see all kinds now with checks, stripes, polka dots or hearts. So take a cue from Doris and Carol in "The Pajama Game" and our starlets, Neile, Sandra and Mary, partying here, and go gay in pajamas. You know, time was when a girl had to slip into the boys' department for a pair of pajamas. In fact, American girls didn't even *wear* them. The mere idea of them was as startling to most people as the first movie. For, as these very early movies have recorded for posterity, nighties were what a lady wore upon retiring for bed. However, just as movies have undergone tremendous changes since the days they so shyly and silently flickered, so have a young lady's pajamas and nightgowns evolved into their present-day shape. And beds have come a long way, too. Not only have their mattresses changed, so have their shapes. Look at Mary Wooden's round bed. She found it in New York City at Norman Dine's Sleep Center.





continued

Baby Doll . . . the middy in pink or blue and white checks, S, M, L. Clown suit in white with red or blue, 32-40. The Skipper in hot pink or blue and white, 32-38. All $5.98. M. C. Schrank.

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Treat your lips to that delicious, creamy smooth comfort and beauty that only Cutex gives! Discover color that stays true and bright . . . even at night. Clings to you (stays *off* him) even after a kiss!

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sheer lanolin lipstick

Count on Cutex for all the latest, loveliest colors for lips and fingertips. Why pay more?

For a Minute Miracle in Hand Beauty—Get New Cutex Hand Cream!



Hostess Mary and guests pose in more PJ party fashions. Mary likes a full-length flannelette pair with smoking-jacket top. S, M, L. $5.98



Pixyish Neile peeks out in her preference: tailored fireman red flannelette nightshirt that reaches below the knees. S, M, L. $5.98



Sweet, shy, frankly feminine, Sandra first appears in M-G-M's "Until They Sail." First choice here: long bright red nightgown. 32-40. $6.98

A round bed is perfect to hold "Nights at the Round" in, but any shape bed does nicely, too, for pajama parties. They're a wonderful form of entertainment, especially to catch up on who did what over the summer vacation before getting back into the swing of school. And they're easy. Here are the necessary ingredients: **People**—two or more girls make a good gathering plus the hostess. **Place**—anywhere there's enough floor space to accommodate the number of guests you plan to invite. (Be sure to remind them to bring along pillows and blankets. You can do this in a written invitation.) **Entertainment**—good games and, of course, gossip—one of the main reasons for having the party! **Refreshments**—appetizing food that's simple to prepare, and delicious drinks, also easy to make. **Music**—a variety of records to match your mood and provide a pleasant background.

Mary Wooden had a perfect pajama party because she followed this foolproof formula. Her guests: Neile Adams (top center), whom you may remember from her first film, "This Could Be the Night" (incidentally, Neile wore pajamas in that movie and is now touring the play "The Pajama Game" around the country); Sandra Dee (right), a top model and cover girl before becoming a starlet. Both left Mary's party tired but happy. They'd gabbed about their past two months, movies, males and girl friends until Mary insisted they take a vow. "We heard nothing, saw nothing, said nothing that we'll tell anyone else. We're the three monkey-teers! Agreed?" Agreed. Secrets are fun! And so are games when three or more get together.

Neile explained her favorite, called "Predicaments and Remedies." "You divide up into two teams facing each other. On Team 'A' each player whispers a predicament into a teammate's ear (example: 'What would you do if Don kissed you?'). At the same time, Team 'B' members think of a remedy (example: 'Join the Army'). Then each Team 'A' player states her predicament out loud to the facing Team 'B' player and hears her remedy." Imagine the goofy results!

The girls nibbled on Mary's "Cherry Chip Dip" (*made by blending 1 large package cream cheese, 1 cup sour cream, ½ cup chopped maraschino cherries, 2 tablespoons cherry juice*), ate it on potato chips. But of course they were still hungry. So while Sandra took off the records they'd just heard—"Teenage Hop" by Warren Covington and the Commanders (Decca Album)—and put on "Belafonte Sings of the Caribbean" (RCA Victor), Mary whipped out to the kitchen for her "Face-Up Sandwiches" and special "Sparked Cokes." This crazy drink (*made by freezing coffee in ice cube trays, adding the coffee cubes to cokes*) is a current fad. Mary's sandwich spread is easy to make: *Blend 1 cup peanut butter, small package cream cheese, 1 teaspoon milk; top with crumbled crisp bacon.*

"We gorged ourselves till three in the morning and looked a wreck the next day," laughed Neile. "But what fun!" (And they vowed to do it again!)

FOR WHERE TO BUY PAJAMA FASHIONS TURN TO PAGE 33



HAT BY MR. JOHN

because *you* are the very air he breathes...

Nothing matters but you two. Your world is all wrapped up in this one momentous moment. Don't let *anything* spoil it. Double check your charm every day with VETO ...the deodorant that drives away odor...dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next-to...next to *nothing* is impossible!)

Veto
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VETO is for you in more ways than one Veto *Cream* Veto *Spray* Veto *Stick* Veto *Aerosol Mist*

One touch of VETO dries away perspiration worries!

PRETTY, PRACTICAL PAJAMA PARTY ACCESSORIES

Cover curlers and pins with a cap. Tote pajamas and cosmetics in a bag. Make these yourself

A fun fringed nite cap with tassel tip is just what you need to look pretty at the party. Hides hairpins, curlers or net. It's flattering and easy to make. Use any contrasting colors or match your pajamas





A wholehearted bag to take your pajamas to the party. Side pocket has a place for your name on the outside. Inside there's room for such basic necessities as toothbrush, toothpaste, comb, brush, hairpins, hair spray, hand lotion and skin cleanser

DESIGNS BY COATS & CLARK

Would you like directions for making curler cover-cap and pajama tote bag? Send long stamped, self-addressed envelope to Photoplay, Dept. CC, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

THE HEART HAS REASONS

Continued from page 66

in January and gotten stuck in a snowbank and spent the night curled on the floor underneath a fur blanket. Inside this car he had forgotten all his problems. With those sensitive hands of his barely touching the wheel he had seemed almost drunk on speed. Speed relaxed him. How many times had she watched him smile as the speedometer edged past 110, past 120, past 130?

She pressed her foot down on the accelerator. The speedometer needle quivered near eighty. But she was no Roberto. She could not forget the reporters.

"Miss Bergman, what is really happening between you and your husband?" "Miss Bergman, what will you do if your husband brings Sonali Das Gupta back to Italy with him?" "Miss Bergman, has Rossellini asked you for a divorce yet?"

She could not forget the photographers. Two weeks ago the photographers had turned into a public carnival the first tentative, tender meeting with the nineteen-year-old daughter she had not seen in six years.

"Give us a shot kissing your daughter, Miss Bergman. A big kiss. You've got six years to make up for." "How do you feel about your mother, Jenny? Are you really glad to see her?" "Don't pay any attention to us, Miss Bergman. We'll be following you around all afternoon." "Sorry if these questions are too personal, but my editor wants. . . ." "Just one more shot." "Just one more statement." "Just one more." "Look this way, Miss Bergman." "Miss Bergman." "Miss Bergman!"

Remembering, she felt her cheeks burn with anger and shame. To bandage the wounds of the last six years would have been difficult enough in private. But their only privacy had been fourteen minutes alone together at the Paris airport—locked inside the DC-6 that had brought Pia Lindstrom to Paris. Not "Pia," Ingrid corrected herself guiltily. "Jenny Ann" Lindstrom now. She wondered if she would ever remember her daughter's new name.

For the moment they had left the plane the world had trotted at their heels, capturing each of their tears for the morning newspapers. What a fever of excitement she had been in. She had clutched Jenny's hand as though afraid that—if she let go—Jenny might vanish. She had wanted to show Jenny her Paris. The shops. (She had refused Jenny nothing. Clothes. Shoes. Perfume. Paintings. Even the things that Jenny did not ask for except with her eyes.) The Eiffel Tower. (They had scorned the elevator and climbed the tower on foot and leaned together—breathless—over the railing at the top.) The bookstores. The art shops. The Seine. Jenny had been cool and calm, flattered by all the reporters and photographers and curiosity-seekers who dogged their footsteps through the streets. How long, Ingrid wondered bitterly, had it been since she had been flattered by these things?

It was on the cobblestone banks of the Seine that she had been cornered—like an animal—by a pack of photographers and pushed towards the river. She had turned on them then and shouted angrily, "Can't you leave me and my miserable life alone?"

She shifted the Ferrari into low gear. Ahead—where the road curved—she could see the lights of Santa Marinella. Already the fishing boats (*Continued on page* 92)



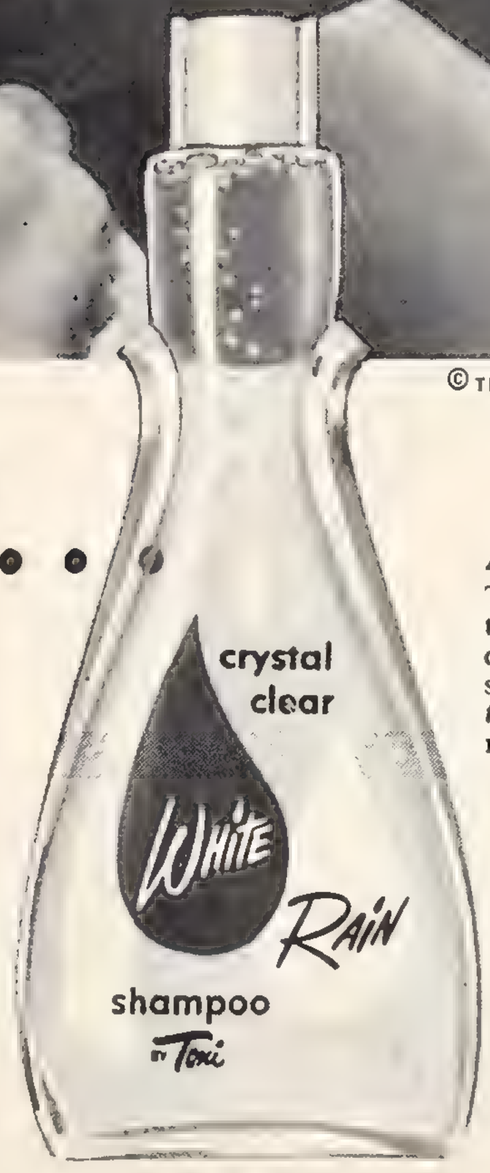
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Continued from page 90

rocked in their anchorage at the foot of the village, and the smell of the day's catch was heavy in the summer air.

She was sorry for the rage that had forced her into shouting back. In all the tormented, uncertain weeks since May—when the first rumors had drifted out of India—it was the only time she had lost the dignity and courage with which she tried to keep herself dressed in public. (But why was she always being asked to meet life with courage? How much courage must one person have? How much courage *could* one person have?) She had tried to laugh in answer to all the questions. "There is no truth to the rumors of trouble between my husband and myself," she had said. "Soon I am returning to our villa at Santa Marinella. My husband will join me there when he finishes the films he is making in India."

She let the Ferrari coast towards the big white house at the edge of the sea. She did not yet know, herself, whether she had told reporters the truth. Would he return—sunburnt from the long months of Indian sun and hungry for spaghetti and bread and kisses? Or would she wait here endlessly, looking through the window for a man who would never come? Or—the thought trembled at the edges of her mind—would she move on alone, leaving this place behind her as she had left so many cities, so many countries?

How many cities had she called "home"? Stockholm. Rochester. Hollywood. New York. London. Paris. Rome. Santa Marinella. Life had never been something smooth and finished for her—silk or velvet. It was, instead, a . . . a . . . sweater . . . that she was knitting from an obsolete pattern. When she managed to pick up the stitches at one end, fate took a perverse pleasure in unraveling them at the other. When she had been rich and famous, her marriage to Peter Lindstrom was ashes. When she had had Rossellini and love, the world was lost to her. When she had borne three new children, her first child was taken away. Now she had painfully reacquired glory and applause. The world had returned, sweeping around her feet like a tide. All four of her children slept tonight under the same roof. Would love be the stitch to be unravelled?

She shook her head free of these fancies and slid out of the car. The thoughtless, automatic movement held unconscious grace. At forty-two she still retained the firm, well-balanced body of an athlete. At forty-two her beauty was still perfect.

The house was cool and dark—untroubled by uneasy dreams; its only sounds the whirring of the electric clock and refrigerator. In the hall she hesitated. She had spent six summers in this house and yet tonight it seemed strange to her. It was too calm and peaceful without the electricity that Roberto brought to it. An empty house without his sudden anger spilling fury into its rooms, without his equally sudden tenderness.

Was he already on his way back to Santa Marinella? Would the telephone ring and his voice suddenly pour into her ear from Rome? Would his key turn in the lock? Or was he already on his way someplace else, with someone else?

She pushed a strand of sun-bleached hair from her eyes and moved softly down the hall—as she had done so many times before—to check the sleeping children. She paused for a moment in the doorway of each room.

Robertino. Blue-eyed, fair-skinned, his face calm and enigmatic, he looked like a Swede. Yet all the fury of his father lay beneath that fair skin. How often, she wondered, did a face belie the true spirit?

The twins. Ingrid—curly-haired and brown-eyed—looked enough like Roberto to cause a sudden pang. And yet she alone of Roberto's three children was calm, affectionate and Nordic. Isabella moaned restlessly. But she had no fever, and the scar from her emergency appendectomy of a month before was healing well. Another blue-eyed, straight-haired miniature of her mother, she, too, was driven by all the Latin devils that drove her father.

Pia. It was in this room that Ingrid lingered the longest. She had brought Pia—*Jenny,* she corrected herself—to Santa Marinella for the summer. "This summer I will have all four of my children together at last," she had told a reporter. And yet, Jenny was no longer a child. Too big to be mothered and petted and pleased by promises of bedtime stories. Eight years ago Pia had been a child. (*It was strange how her thoughts wandered tonight. They were like boats drifting on currents she had no power to control.*)

That was the first winter she had known Roberto Rossellini. There had been no thought or talk of love between them. He had come to Hollywood to raise money for "Stromboli," and she and Peter had invited him to stay in their guest house. On the last day he had borrowed $300 from her. "For expenses on the way home" he had said. Then he had spent it all on gifts—ties for Peter, an alligator traveling case for herself, and—for Pia—a three-foot-tall stuffed cow. Pia had wanted that cow for weeks, but it had cost $75 and Peter—quite reasonably—had refused to pay $75 for a toy. When Pia unwrapped the gift, Ingrid had been so moved that she had cried.

That winter of 1949 was almost the last time she had seen Pia. In March she had left for Stromboli. There had been one short visit in Sweden in 1951 and then only memories too bitter to be forgotten even yet. She had waited for Pia in the summer of 1952, but Peter had refused his permission. He had taken Pia to court and put her on the witness stand. And Ingrid—during the last week of the ninth month of her pregnancy—had read the clipping in the morning paper.

"Don't you want to see your mother?" the lawyer had asked.

"Why I just saw her last summer."

"Don't you love your mother?"

"I like her, but I don't love her."

"But you always sign your letters, 'Love, Pia.'"

"That's only a way of signing letters."

"Don't you want to live with her?"

"No, I want to live with my father."

Two days later Ingrid had given birth to the twins. She had been so afraid that the baby would be a boy. She had expected a boy—(a sign that the gods were still angry with her?). And she had felt so rich with wonder and gratitude that she had been given two girls to ease the pain of the one she had lost that she noticed little of the pain and complications and surgery and blood transfusions that followed the twins' birth.

She had never wanted the twins to—never allowed them to—replace Pia. Among the photograph albums that she kept in a special cupboard were seven covering Rome and Santa Marinella and the years of her marriage to Rossellini. In each of these seven albums were pages that she had left blank—pages to be filled one day with pictures of Pia taken during the years of their separation.

The albums themselves had been started long before her marriage. The first one had been begun by her father. Later she kept them—filling each book with pictures and souvenirs and newspaper clippings and neat, typewritten comments to herself.

It had been a long time since she had looked at the albums. She suddenly wanted to see them again—to trace through their dusty pages the tangled web of her life. (As though, somehow, the fading photographs could explain why she had always had to experience life to the fullest. She remembered that someone had said of her once that: "A long time ago Ingrid crossed the line from living for security to demanding everything that life can offer. And once you have crossed that line you can never turn back." Had she really crossed that line or had she been born on the wrong side of it?)

She sat down in the deep red chair and reached forward to take the first volume from the shelf. . . .

STOCKHOLM 1917-1940

Red was her favorite color. It had been her father's favorite color too. The first time he had taken her to the theater she had worn a red dress. There was no photograph of that day except the one she carried in her mind. She was eleven years old. And the red dress had been lent by her aunt and pinned in until it almost fitted. "Patrasket" was the play and each detail of it—and of the day—would be part of her forever. *The musty, safe smell of the theater and the rustle of taffeta below and her exact seat in the box in the first balcony and—above all—the rapture.* It was on this day that she decided to become an actress.

How few pictures there were of her father. And only one peeling photograph of the mother who had died when Ingrid was two. Perhaps her father had taken that photograph. Justus Bergman had been a successful photographer. But he had wanted, instead, to be a great artist. He had always used red in his paintings, telling Ingrid that "Red is the color of life." Perhaps he ached to capture life on canvas because his own life would be so short. He died when his daughter was thirteen.

How awkward she looked in that photograph, standing there with her five cousins. She was all head and neck and feet, even though she was bending her knees to seem smaller.

There were her aunt and uncle—good people, but stern-faced and forbidding. After her father's death she had been passed from family to family before coming to live with them. They had fed her and bought her wool leggings for the winter and put braces on her teeth when she was fifteen—but they had never called her by a pet name.

At fifteen she was too tall, with a long, thin body that seemed to her to stretch to the sky, and too shy ever to talk above a whisper unless she was pretending to be someone else. Perhaps that was what had made her so successful an actress. She had always been able to wriggle into other personalities and fit them comfortably on top of her own skin. She was only uncomfortable when she had to be herself.

That phonograph her cousin was leaning against was the one that belonged to her. Her uncle did not approve of acting and so she had bought the phonograph and a dozen loud records. She had read plays aloud in her bedroom while the music from the phonograph drowned out her voice. There was the night her uncle had discovered everything and torn the book from her hand.

But she had forced him—had she really threatened to commit suicide?—to let her compete for the Swedish Royal Dramatic Theater's annual (*Continued on page 94*)



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Continued from page 92

scholarship. How her cousins had laughed. But she had won the scholarship easily. That night she had told her uncle:

"Now the whole world is open to me."

And then the world had suddenly been full of Peter. Page after page was filled with the tall, blond dentist who was studying at night to become a doctor. Handsome, meticulous, and at ease in the world, he was eleven years older than the sixteen-year-old dramatic student. When the first film offers came, it was Peter who took charge. For the first time since her father died, she had someone to lean on. Their wedding picture: "Peter and Ingrid Lindstrom. July 10, 1937."

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, 1941-1943

No one was at the boat the first time she came to America—to make "Intermezzo" with Leslie Howard for David O. Selznick. But after "Intermezzo" she was a star and photographers were waiting when the boat docked. There was the picture they had taken of two-year-old Pia slung over her shoulder in a wool-lined knapsack.

This was the University of Rochester where Peter would finish his studies. And this, the house where they lived. (How restless she was during the months she spent in Hollywood making movies and how eager to get back to that house.)

And there was the first newspaper clipping:

"Picture the sweetheart of a viking, freshly scrubbed with Ivory soap, eating peaches and cream from a Dresden china bowl on the first warm day of spring atop a sea-scarred cliff and you have a fair impression of Ingrid Bergman. This incredible newcomer from Sweden wants to play a fallen woman, though her ability to go that far is herewith doubted. She just hasn't the face for it."

Ingrid looked up and stared into the mirror across the room. The face was almost the same, seemingly unravaged by the blows that had rained down on it in the years between. It was a little thinner perhaps, the skin near the eyes more drawn, the baby roundness of the cheeks tightened over fine bones. But those were the only changes. The face. The incredible face. It was—perhaps—the cause of all her troubles with the world. Without her willing it or wanting it—or even, for a long time, knowing that she had it—that face was the embodiment of innocence, of purity. It was the face—and not the roles she had played—that had misled people into putting her on a pedestal. It had hypnotized even the cynical experts in Hollywood.

"Gaslight" had won her her first Academy Award. But when she had fought for the part, the experts had at first refused and spoken of "the neurotic wife—a role as unlike Ingrid Bergman as possible." Of another role, *Joan Madu* in "Arch of Triumph," they had asked, "How can Bergman play this frustrated, hopeless woman? Bergman is too normal, too sweet to interpret this character who achieves nothing and never solves the problem of her own life."

The face, Ingrid thought, turning away from the mirror, was the face for a saint—and no human being can live up to the face of a saint.

HOLLYWOOD 1943-1947

NEW YORK 1947-1948

This was a snapshot of her home. "The Barn"—a house of stone and rafters rising in the hills above Beverly Hills. Two acres of land surrounded the house and lapped it in peace. Two acres where she could walk and no human voice would follow her. (Roberto—all the Italians—liked to cluster together. But she had always needed time alone. Once—at a weekend party—she had felt trapped in a roomful of people. "Lend me some shoes," she had said to her hostess. Slipping the shoes on, she had left the room and walked alone through the afternoon.) Perhaps walking was the thing she liked best in life. With a bag of fruit under her arm she had roamed the streets of New York like a schoolgirl. It was on one of these trips that she had first come across the name of "Roberto Rossellini." In a small theater on West 49th Street she had seen the film "The Open City." She had been impressed and when she left the theater she had looked at the posters outside and found that it was directed by Rossellini.

The albums for these years were thick with clippings and awards. These had been the most successful years. In Hollywood there was a joke during the winter of 1945-46. "Guess what?" one man would say to another. "I just saw a picture without Ingrid Bergman in it." That year "Bells of St. Mary's," "Spellbound" and "Saratoga Trunk" made thirty million dollars.

And it was that year that Ingrid Bergman first asked for a divorce.

She turned the pages more slowly. There were few pictures of Peter now. Cold, dictatorial, unresponsive, he added a steam bath to their house and made no effort to enter his wife's world.

Next Month's Cover Girl—

KIM NOVAK

November Photoplay

On Sale October 3rd

She remembered the evening she and some friends were discussing movies, and the name of MacArthur was brought up.

"Ah . . ." Peter had said. "General Douglas MacArthur . . . but what does he have to do with films?"

"No . . ." she had answered. "Charlie MacArthur, a wri . . ."

"I'm sorry," he had interrupted her. "But I should have known you meant the wooden dummy with Edgar Bergen."

When she tried to explain that Charlie MacArthur was a playwright and husband of actress Helen Hayes, he had gotten angry and flustered and left the room. (Whenever possible, she tried to put his world before her own, but he was never even to try to become interested in her life.)

By the middle of 1946, three years before she met Roberto Rossellini, she had already asked Peter for a divorce. He had refused. She asked again. He refused again. By the time her chance for escape came, she was ready to grab at it with both hands.

She closed the album and hesitated for a moment. Was she waiting for the telephone to ring or for a key to turn in the lock of the door? She was not sure. But she could only hear the Mediterranean lapping at the shore.

She did not open the albums again. She sat back in the red chair and closed her eyes and remembered each separate page and let the pictures flash through her mind.

STROMBOLI—1949

The smell of garlic in the peasant hut in which she lived. Oil lamps and candles. Tallow dripping onto her pillow. The slender young boy who came each morning with a pitcher of water so she could wash her face. Spaghetti served on broken plates and how good it tasted. The ache in her side after a day of scrambling up the volcano. Falling once and cutting herself on the sharp, black rock and Rossellini's desire for realism, his delight as he used that scene with real blood on her leg and real pain at the corners of her mouth. And then his hand reaching for her and pulling her up. His warmth. The wonderful feeling—for perhaps the first time in her life?—of not feeling shy or awkward or lonely. The letter begging Peter for a divorce. Peter's refusal.

ROME—1950

The months of being a prisoner in her apartment while reporters and photographers sniffed around the doors like hungry dogs. She had walked for pleasure. The agony of being cooped up, hemmed in to three rooms. The endless pacing. Waiting for the birth of her child and wondering what sort of man would keep her tied to him. Was it love that Peter felt or was it hatred? Was it his wife that he wanted or revenge? Whatever he had wanted, it was revenge that he got. His agreement to let her get a Mexican divorce came too late to save her pride.

February 3, 1950. Doubled up with pain, she slipped through the kitchen door of the Villa Margherita nursing home. The smell of fresh bread in the kitchen and then more pain.

Robertino. Waking two hours after her son's birth to hear reporters and photographers spill down the hall and kick at the door of her room. The black-robed nuns fending them off until the police arrived. The shades that had to be kept closed because of the telescopic camera aimed at her window from the roof of the building next door. Pressing her nose to the shuttered window for a taste of fresh air.

The good things. The feeling of peace when Roberto was there. Robertino full and sleepy and curled like a kitten. The traditional ceremony of the nuns hanging up a ribbon—a white satin ribbon in the center of a blue field—to signify the birth of a boy. Roberto telling the world that Robertino was his son and that no one would take the baby away.

Then, the climax to it all. On May 24, 1950, their marriage by proxy in Mexico. She had waited in Roberto's apartment, wearing a white dinner gown. When the news of their marriage was telephoned to them, they had toasted each other with champagne. Then, giggling because of the champagne or the happiness, she had said:

"Now we are legally tied for better or worse until death do us part."

There was a sudden noise like the scratching of a key at a lock, and it was again seven years later—1957—and the memories faded back into the albums where they belonged. She turned towards the door, but the handle did not move, and the noise was only the sound of the wind tugging at the eaves.

She stood up and slid open the door to the terrace. Unlike the house, the terrace was neither dark nor calm. Splashed by restless moonlight, it hung suspended over the Mediterranean. There was a feeling of change in the air. The wind would blow from a different direction tomorrow.

Would it bring him with it? And if he did not return of his own free will, could she hold him? In holding him against his will, would she not be doing to him what Peter had done to her?

There was no answer except the barking of a dog baying at some sudden frightening shadow across the moon. END



Can you be too understanding for your own good?

Your heart says, this is the man you love, all that matters is your happiness together. But now he's deeply troubled. He needs time to work things out. Do you quietly put aside *your* yearnings and *wait,* knowing that "just a little while" might mean forever? When you're Wendy Warren, you can't do it any other way. Your tears are secret tears. You face tomorrow with faith. You can get the *whole* story – even while you work – when you listen to daytime radio. Hear

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LOVE WENT INTO OUR DIVORCE

Continued from page 51

I could sit down and write a personal letter to each of you who believed we failed because our marriage was a mistake. We definitely don't believe it was a mistake. Although we were in a state of shock—and this may surprise you—*a lot of love went into our divorce!*

The case itself was simple. In divorce proceedings it's customary for a wife to file suit against her husband. In line of order, therefore, Venetia was required by law to substantiate specific charges.

Unless you're ridden by bitterness (and the good Lord knows she wasn't), you have no desire to call names. When Venetia took the stand, the papers quoted her testimony. She said I swore in front of guests and refused to tell her where I was going when I left home. She couldn't say less and she wouldn't say more. She was fair about everything, and our divorce went through—uncontested.

Then the unexpected happened! I was deluged by letters—letters from people in every corner of the United States. A great number were sympathetic and their good wishes most appreciated. The other kind should have been anticipated, for as we all know, it isn't possible to please everyone. I just wasn't prepared to face such an outburst of resentment. The same people who had once been my friends and wished me well, now told me to drop dead in just so many words. Some of them returned autographed photographs torn to bits and said they'd like to throw them in my face. I must confess, that really cut deep.

To Venetia and me, marriage is so sacred and the things we gained mean so much, we don't want the whole world to know. We realize a portion of our lives must be lived in the spotlight, but we still prefer not to be like open books. Please try to put yourselves in our place, and you'll discover it's quite a revelation. Anyone who doesn't understand, doesn't want to understand. But that person's feelings can't possibly go beneath the surface and I can't feel too sorry for him.

You see, there was no big blow-up. It wasn't as if we had a sudden fight and decided to quit. Our separation was the result of an understanding, and the night before Venetia went into court we spent eight wonderful hours talking about many wonderful things.

We knew then that we still had as much love for each other as any two people who go into marriage with full intention of working it out. Strange as it may seem, it still didn't mean that we must remain married! Once again, our reasons belong only to us. We had listened to many people talk pro and con on the subject of marriage. I can only say we thought we knew our way—but how do you know until you marry and try? It's like trying to read ten books on how to drive a car. You never *really* know until you get behind the wheel yourself!

Venetia and I went together a full year. The difference is, before marriage you go along with each other believing you can adjust to differences after marriage. But when you live together night and day, you can get on each other's nerves, although you make every effort to prevent it. Up to a week before we separated, there was nothing we wanted more than our marriage. We would have given up everything if we could have believed it had a chance. Perhaps it didn't have a chance right from the start.

We started out allowing our marriage to be built up out of all proportion. No one is to blame. Studios are in business and they wanted to cash in on the publicity. We wanted to be cooperative and the whole truth is there wasn't much choice. Newspapers and magazines had been good to us in the past; reporters still had jobs to perform; and we didn't want to appear ungrateful. So we were given an interrupted honeymoon, in exchange for endless interviews and picture spreads. Sometimes, before you're aware of the risk, you fall into a pattern that turns out to be —a trap!

In today's fast-moving world people want and need fantasy and escape. Venetia and I were so young and seemingly untouched by life. Many of you saw only one side of the picture—an idealistic boy and girl who were in love. When people like us are placed on a pedestal where we don't belong, it can be pretty scary. We talked it over and hoped and prayed we could live up to what was expected of us.

How much better it would have been to admit those usual first-year arguments and disillusionments. Wouldn't it have made us more human and less up in the clouds? I think it would, *but we're never allowed to talk about such things.*

As I said earlier, those "inside" stories about our divorce were unauthorized and untrue. According to one popular version, our opposite backgrounds were the cause of it all. For the record: Venetia's mother is an actress, and her father is a director. My parents were in a different kind of show business for thirty years—but it was still show business.

In some instances, opposites marry because each offers what the other has never had. Not so with us. Our backgrounds are similar, but we differed on likes and dislikes and couldn't fake or be phony about it to ourselves, or others.

It's generally known that I get excited about making plans and discovering new interests. As a rule Venetia doesn't, or when she does she holds everything inside. I'm gregarious by nature and love most people. But Venetia is shy and can't adapt herself easily on short notice. She's honest about it; when she's bored, for example, she shows it.

In this business especially, politics plays an important part, and you can't always be as honest as you'd like to be. Venetia knows she may make others dislike her at times, but she remains true to her inner feelings. I respect them tremendously. Needless to say, differences such as these don't cause a divorce, but they do add up.

The *real* reasons, as I've already established, are much more important and will never be discussed for publication. In writing this letter I hope I have made it clear that no one—certainly *not* us—actually gets married with the possibility of divorce in mind. Believe me, we thought about our fans, friends and families and how our divorce might affect them. Those closer to our situation, naturally, could remain objective. I believe every person is privileged to think as he will, but do you believe folks thousands of miles away should sit in judgment and write derogatory letters? Those were what made me hurt and angry.

It's true, we could have stayed together to please the public, and it would have been possible to hold on longer than we did. After reading this, I hope those of you who censured us will understand why we made our decision. Trying to please each other would have called for complete dedication. Other couples might do it, *but in our business there just isn't enough time.* You have to create out of your own self, and, if God has given you creative ability to start out with, whatever comes out *is* you and you dare not jeopardize it.

I've observed those who are unhappily married and I could name several right now in Hollywood. Some haven't the guts to get out while there's still a chance to find happiness. Others kid themselves into believing it will work out. Maybe it will, but too often they wait too long and life has passed them by.

We didn't want this to happen to us. Last and very far from least, we thought about those teenagers who had written such glowing letters when we were married. They said if we could do it, they could do it. So they were using us as a perfect example, because we had been made to *look* like a perfect example. We didn't want to influence them, for how well we knew they could find out for themselves only through their own experience. By refusing to put up a front we may have disappointed many, but I still think it was the only honest thing to do.

Although we agreed it was better to separate, we still suffered a great sense of loss. I was so confused and in a turmoil when those letters hit me. I hadn't worked in a year; my father underwent serious brain surgery; and then I received my draft notice. It all happened at once, and I'll confess—I guess I did feel sorry for myself.

Well, I had a choice of killing myself—or working it out! Always before, my problems became someone else's problems. I had lived at home most of my life, and my mother would tell me not to worry about it. So I wouldn't. Sometimes Venetia, in trying to be helpful, would say, "Don't worry about it." And I wouldn't.

Now, for the first time in my life, I had no one to turn to and so I did worry. Feeling lost, I moved to the beach, where I felt more lost. Believing I wanted to be alone, no one called for weeks. Perhaps it was better this way. At any rate, it was the right move. I started to clear up my *own* mind for the first time and, thank heaven, I succeeded.

Looking back, I can see that it was never good to have thoughts that someone else puts into your mind. For example, like someone saying, "Don't smoke, it's against God's wishes!" They tell you and you listen. But who told *them?* Trace it back and you find the first person just didn't like to smoke. See what I mean?

I learned a lot from our marriage and feel that I am on the verge of wisdom. Out of the joys and heartaches Venetia and I became close, life-long friends, and that's pretty important. Today we share better understanding than we ever shared before, and for us I really believe our divorce was a step ahead.

Sometimes I wonder about a future marriage and I realize if I married again in this town, I'd still want to marry Venetia. So far I haven't met anyone who comes close to her complete honesty. I never expect to meet another girl who has such virtuous ideas and beautiful qualities inside.

It is too bad there are those who feel that we let them down, and, for our sakes, I wish they wouldn't. I hope and pray this letter will help to convince them that despite our heartaches we didn't fail anyone—including ourselves. Venetia and I have grown and gained through divorce. Maybe in a certain sense we did sacrifice each other—but only to learn more about life and ourselves. And we are trying *very* hard to learn.

Sincerely,

Russ Tamblyn

THE TRUTH ABOUT MY SON

Continued from page 53

accent. There is also about them an air of solid respectability and independence, strength and pride—pride that has been wounded by the unfavorable publicity Tony has received, but remains unbowed.

"I know a lot of these stories started because of the trouble Tony got into," his mother went on. "Oh, all of this has been such a strain, such a shock."

She paused as the painful memories came back—memories of Tony's trial on an assault charge brought by a news photographer. But that wasn't the thing that hurt most. Like many of Tony's friends—and many who have no personal interest in him at all—his family staunchly feels that he was right in defending his future wife. Many Hollywoodites, too, share the opinion that the whole affair was blown up out of all proportion—that had Tony and Shelley not been movie stars, and their antagonist a news photographer, it would have passed unnoticed.

What hurt the family was Tony's previous arrest that came to light at the trial, for taking a sewing machine to hock because he was hungry. "Tony never told me about that—he never told any of us," his mother said. "The first I knew about it was when I saw it in the newspapers. You can imagine how I felt! I didn't go out of the house for a week."

"Yes, it was very hard on Jean." Aunt Elsie looked at her sister sympathetically. "She has high blood pressure, too." Then, indignantly, she added, "Tony never meant to steal that sewing machine. We knew that! He just couldn't have done anything like that. He borrowed it to hock because he was desperate, but he always intended to return it as soon as he had the money."

"But people don't understand that," said Tony's mother. "Oh, why didn't he come to us for help? We would have done anything, given him anything. We were well off—it was no question of money. Why didn't he tell us?"

There must have been a reason . . .

"Tony is a *good* boy," his mother continued. "He always was. These stories about him running wild in the streets and getting into fights—nothing like that ever happened!"

She paused again as memories came flooding back—memories upon which no one had the right to intrude. Before Tony was born, she had lost another child, a little girl who died of pneumonia at the age of seven. A year after Tony was born, his father, Anthony Papaleo, left them, never to return . . .

"I had to go to work when Tony was a little boy," she explained, "but my parents lived with us, and it was real comfort to me to know that his grandmother was taking care of him. I don't think I could have stood it, to leave him with a stranger. But nobody could have looked after him as well as his grandma, and I never had a minute's worry.

"I was pretty strict with him, too. I never let him run around the street in the evenings after supper until he was about ten years old, and I saw to it that he got all his homework done. And every Sunday, no matter what, he had to go to nine o'clock mass."

The block of New York's East 116th Street where Tony spent his childhood is certainly not a slum. 116th Street is one of those roomy crosstown paths you find every ten blocks or so, cutting across the width of Manhattan. Tony's block has its



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full share of shops, restaurants, and people—mostly of Italian heritage. Although the Franciosas feel that the neighborhood "was better in the old days," it is still, both physically and economically, very far removed from the Lower East Side.

At one time Tony, his mother, Aunt Elsie, his grandparents, and Uncle Fred shared a seven-room apartment on the block, with Aunt Sue and her five children across the street, and they have always been a close-knit, devoted group. On the big holidays such as Christmas and Easter, and for special family occasions, the clan, twenty-two strong, would gather for a grand feast of all the wonderful Italian delicacies.

Tony's mother smiled—a warm smile, very like her son's. "Junior—that's what we called him then—was a happy boy, always whistling or singing going up and down the stairs, or around the apartment. Sometimes, he'd be very quiet. He seemed to get lost in thought. I'd watch him and wonder about it. Mostly, though, he was cheerful and good-natured. He never gave me any trouble. He always did what I asked him to, without complaint."

"Except about the meat," reminded Aunt Elsie.

"Oh, that!" exclaimed his mother, and they both laughed. "Yes, that was the one thing he'd argue about. I was working at a 35th Street department store, and there was a butcher shop on Ninth Avenue at 33rd Street where I got choice meat. We had a big freezer, so I'd buy the week's supply on Friday, and have Tony go down on Saturday morning to get it. 'Oh, no—not again!' he'd say. Once, he came back and said, 'Mama, there are fifty-nine butcher shops in this neighborhood. I can't see going all the way down there—it's just not worth it. Not only do we not look better than everybody else—we look *worse!*' But he still went."

The only other time that Jean and Elsie Franciosa can recall Tony's trying to get around their authority brought more chuckles. "He'd been ordered to stay in three nights to catch up with his studies," Aunt El said. "Well, by the second night, he'd managed to get word out to his gang, and had them all come around and stand under the window chanting, 'We want Junior! We want Junior!' at the top of their lungs, until we couldn't take any more and let him out!"

Not the slightest hint of a sad, mixed-up childhood here. Instead, there were happy, carefree days, playing basketball with cousin Richard and his pals at nearby Haarlem House, going on picnics and other special events. On weekends there was usually a movie, and sometimes, as a special treat, his mother took him to the Italian vaudeville. Even then, young Anthony had a sharp, critical eye for what looked good on a stage.

"What's she doing up there—she's too fat!" he would announce in a sturdy stage whisper. "Shhh—do you want to get us put out?" his embarrassed mother would reply. "Well, that one's too skinny!" he would continue, undaunted. "WHO is that little boy?" huffed one prima donna, and flounced off the stage.

They were very close, mother and son. One afternoon, when they went to the movies where gifts of dishes and such were being drawn on the stage, Tony's mother was surprised to see him crossing himself. "What are you doing?" she asked. "I'm praying that you get a prize, Mama," was the reply.

"But Tony was always thoughtful and considerate," his mother says. "He would never let my mother carry a thing. Just the other day, I met one of our neighbors on the street, and she said to me, 'Jean, I can't get over it. Tony, a famous movie star. Why, it seems like yesterday that he was running up to help me with my bundles!' "

The sensivity that is one of his great acting assets was evident, then. One day, he saw a number of white boys mercilessly beating a Negro. "He came into the house, white and shaken," Aunt El recalls. " 'How can people treat another human being like that?' he wanted to know. He was terribly upset."

Another time, Aunt Elsie remembers, "The whistling and the singing stopped. That was when the telegram from the War Department came, telling us that my brother Fred was wounded in action. Tony felt it very deeply—he wandered around as if in a fog. He was like that until we got word that Fred was out of danger."

At the end of his junior year in high school, Tony decided that, as far as education was concerned, he had had it. With a practical eye, he had taken stock of the boys in the neighborhood. Those who had taken up trades were making big money, driving fancy cars. The others were poor and struggling. It didn't make much sense.

"I never interfered with anything that concerned Tony," Aunt El said. "I felt that right belonged to his mother. But this time, I couldn't help it. I told him, 'If you think you're going to quit school, you'll do no such thing. You're going to keep on and get that high school diploma.' "

At the graduation ceremonies, the family turned out, and watched while the principal passed out the awards, scholarships and other honors along with the diplomas. When Tony stepped before him, he twinkled, "And you, Tony, passed by the skin of your teeth!" Nevertheless, he *had* passed, and the twenty-two members of the Franciosa family happily went home to celebrate with another family feast.

And perhaps the proudest of all was a little lady scarcely five feet tall, Tony's grandmother, Palma Franciosa. Only a short time before, she had faced formidable forces to protect her boy. As Tony's mother tells it, "There was a race riot outside the school, and the principal had ordered the students to stay in their seats until the danger was over. Well, somehow, word of the riot got back to Tony's grandma, and she decided to take things into her own hands. How she ever got through the rioters and the police lines and into the principal's office, nobody will ever know, but she did. 'I've come to look after my boy, Tony,' she told him. He told her everything was all right, and had her escorted back through the police lines, but of course, word of it leaked out. The boys yelled, 'Tony, yer grandmother's here for ya!' Poor Tony! He could have died!

"When he came home he walked over to his grandmother and kissed her. He said, 'Grandma, I love you for what you did, But *please*, don't *ever* do it again!' "

Wonderful memories, warm and tender . . . memories of a happy, lovable boy, growing up in the ideal atmosphere of a big, wonderful family . . .

But the time had come to leave them, to go out into the world to seek his place in it. Tony was sure he didn't want college, but on the other hand, he wasn't sure just what he *did* want.

The story of his being roped into taking a part in a play at the YMCA—where he had gone to learn the mambo with the idea of becoming a dancer—is now well known. The story behind it is not.

In that one experience, all of the elements in the character of Anthony Franciosa became fused into one great purpose. All the warmth, the depth of feeling and perception, the intense awareness of life. Here, in portraying a character on a stage, was not only an outlet for the full expression of them that he had never found before, but a supreme satisfaction that he could never find anywhere else—that of artistic creation.

For Tony, the door to a new world had been opened—a world in which he recognized instinctively that he belonged . . .

An actor! His mother was aghast. "I just couldn't understand it," she says now, simply.

How could she understand it, this gallant woman who, for years, had toiled so faithfully and industriously in New York's garment center to make a living for herself and her son? It was a good living, and she could well be proud of her accomplishments. Hard work, the stability and security of a good job—she knew so well how important they were, how much they contributed to a person's happiness.

An actor! The prospect filled her heart with pain. She knew what an actor's life was like, well enough. The disappointments, the frustrations, the long, bitter periods of living on hopes and dreams and little else. Dreams that for the vast majority were never realized. No, she could not stand idly by, and watch that happen to her son, the person she loved best.

"Tony," she pleaded. "There are thousands of people who fritter their lives away, wanting to be actors. They never make it. Why could you be any different?"

"I don't know, Mama," he answered, his eyes full of misery. "I only know that this is something I *have* to do."

At the time, Tony was working as a messenger boy at RKO Pictures. He was doing well. But the dull nine-to-five routine was more than he could bear. He told his mother that he wanted to quit, to take a full-time stab at acting.

"We bickered about it for a year," she says. "I tried to point out to him all the advantages of a steady job. I tried so hard —I didn't want to see him get hurt." But the more they argued, the more determined he became.

He was studying with Joseph Geiger then, a man who made him aware of the immense complexities of the acting art, and instilled in him a reverence for it. He would go home bursting to tell his mother of the sheer joy of creating a part, of the thrill he felt at the challenge he faced—that of equipping himself to work in an art form where the work is never really finished. But how could she comprehend it, this dedication that comes only to a chosen few?

He who had been so open and good-natured now shut himself in his room for hours on end, studying and rehearsing roles. He devoured every book on the theater he could lay his hands on . . .

One night, when he came home from work, he could stand it no longer. "I just can't be chained to an eight-hour-a-day job—I just can't! I'm going to quit!"

Gently, his mother tried to reason with him once more. "Look, Tony," she said. "We're getting along so well now. You're doing fine. If you stick to it, in a little while you'll be making $100 or $125 a week."

"When?" he flung back. "In twenty or twenty-five years—that's when!" And he burst into angry tears.

"All those months, the rest of us had kept strictly out of the arguments," Aunt Elsie says. "But now I felt I just had to say something. When Tony had gone out, I said, 'I know how you feel, Jean, but you can see how upset he is. You've got to give the boy a chance.' "

Still, Tony's mother was torn by doubt, and worry, and misgiving. She could not bring herself to agree. "The next day," she says, "the phone must have rung about

twenty-five times. I wouldn't answer—I knew it was Tony. That night, he came home and told me he'd quit his job."

When Tony became a struggling young actor in Cherry Lane Theater in Greenwich Village, she tried to make the best of it, though she was still torn by doubt. When he won a scholarship to the Dramatic Workshop, it was heartening. There were more parts in off-Broadway shows, and then Tony had an offer to work at a summer theater in Lake Tahoe, Nevada.

But when he got to Lake Tahoe, there was no theater. He was to build it from the ground up. Undeterred, he pitched in, and carried on through the season. When it was over, he decided to stay in the West, and try his luck. A succession of odd jobs led to his signing on as a steward on the *S.S. President Cleveland,* which sailed all over the Orient.

When the ship returned to San Francisco, Tony ran into a buddy from Lake Tahoe. The friend was down on his luck—would Tony lend him something to tide him over? "Sure," said Tony, pulling out a wad of bills which added up to about $600, and peeling off a hundred. The pal then suggested that they share a room. "Fine," said Tony. The next morning he awoke in solitude. No friend and no money. "I reached in my pocket," he told his mother later, "and all I felt was loose change."

Then began the period of disillusion and despair, of two bouts with pneumonia from which he emerged weak and penniless, of hunger that led to taking the sewing machine, of bitter loneliness.

A wire, a collect phone call to the apartment at 116th Street—it would have been so easy. He knew that from his mother and the family, there would be no reproaches, nor any "I-told-you-so's"—only warm, welcoming faces and hands eager to give him help. But how could he go to them, when he had turned against his mother's wishes? No, he couldn't do it. Somehow, he had to stick it out.

Pride, not poverty, made him choose to fight his own battles as best he could; strength, not weakness, got him into trouble . . .

At last, he made his way back to New York. There, still supporting himself in whatever way he could, he passed auditions at the famed Actors Studio.

One of the Studio projects on which he worked was the idea later expanded by Michael Gazzo into the play "A Hatful of Rain." Meanwhile, Tony had appeared in the off-Broadway production of "End as a Man," a hit that moved to Broadway, and also appeared in "Wedding Breakfast." When this play was done in stock, Tony stayed with it, and played opposite a different leading lady—Shelley Winters.

When the completed script of "Hatful" was offered to Tony, Shelley read it, liked it, and accepted the part of the wife.

All concerned were covered with glory when the play opened on Broadway. For Tony, it brought not only lavish praise and awards, but so many offers from film companies that he eventually wound up with his contract split four ways. This has happened very rarely.

For Elia Kazan, he made "A Face in the Crowd," filmed in New York and Arkansas. Out to Hollywood to do "This Could Be the Night" for M-G-M. Back to New York to film the 20th Century-Fox version of "A Hatful of Rain." Then a return trip to Hollywood to make "Wild Is the Wind," opposite the great Anna Magnani, for Hal Wallis. He was a very busy man.

A brilliant beginning . . . a career of unlimited possibilities, that can't be hurt by headlines . . . for the only thing that can hurt a good actor is a bad performance . . . nothing else matters . . .

How have the huzzahs and headlines affected Tony?

"He's changed very much during the last two years," his mother says.

"He's not as lighthearted as he used to be," Aunt Elsie says. "He's more preoccupied. He doesn't talk much, but you can see that he feels the pressure, and those false stories hurt. Once I suggested, "Why don't you turn to the church, Tony?" He just looked at me calmly and said, 'You think I've lost my religion, don't you? But I haven't. I carry it here.' And he indicated that he meant he carried it in his heart, and said no more."

And how does his mother feel as she watches her son on the screen?

"When I sit in the audience, I can't explain it—a little chill grips me all over, and I think, 'It can't be—it's too wonderful.'" Then she adds, wistfully, "But when I see the pressure he's under, the things he has to endure, I still wonder . . ."

No, this consuming drive of the artist to fulfill the demands of his art at any cost—this is something that a mother's heart, desiring only happiness for her child, can never understand . . .

There was one person who did understand. Tony was a poor, struggling unknown, many years away from fame, when his grandmother became ill. Every morning, Tony went in to say goodbye before leaving for work, but on one morning, he was unaccountably moved. Tears coursed down his face as he stood at the bedside, clasping the withered hand. Slowly, her eyes opened. He saw his grandmother's lips move, and bent to catch the words. "Tony," she whispered. "Tony . . . some day your name will be in lights." These were her last words. Shortly after Tony left, Palma Franciosa went into a coma. Late that day she died. THE END

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THE KING AND ME

Continued from page 54

because there was nothing frightening in his offstage manner at all. When he came into the wings, he'd wave and nod to me just as he did to everyone else—but he'd never speak. I'm sure it was my own fault. I was so shy of him, so completely awed, that I never dared approach him, though I very much wanted to. But now that I had to play opposite him, I was more afraid of the man than ever.

To play the role of the Prince I had to wear Oriental makeup, and I didn't know how to apply it. I knew Don Lawson, Mr. Brynner's makeup man, and I went to him for help.

"Why don't you ask Mr. B.?" (Don always calls Mr. Brynner this.) "Since he's part Mongolian himself, he knows more about Oriental makeup than I do."

I hesitated about taking the suggestion. An important actor like Mr. Brynner wouldn't want to be bothered with such trifles as telling a thirteen-year-old kid how to put on greasepaint. But there was no one else to go to. Finally I summoned up the courage to go to Mr. Brynner's dressing room. My knees literally shook. I waited for a long time before I knocked at his door.

"Come in," he called. Trembling, I opened the door. When he saw me, he said, "Why, hiya, Sal. Come in, feller."

He knew my name and I was floored. I had a very polite, apologetic speech all planned but I forgot every word I wanted to say.

"I hear you are going on tonight," he said.

That made it easier for me to tell him why I had come.

"I don't know how to apply Oriental makeup," I said. "Mr. Lawson told me I could ask your help since you know more about it than he does. I want my makeup to be right."

Immediately he rose from the bench where he was applying his own makeup. With the broad gestures he used as the King, he pointed to the seat he had just vacated. "Sit down. I'll tell you how to put the makeup on but I won't do it for you. You must learn to do it yourself." He put a strong hand on my shoulder (a favorite gesture of his, I learned later) and, with a tongue-in-cheek manner, added teasingly, "Frankly, I don't see how makeup can help you." He laughed and I laughed, too.

He handed me a pan-stick (a form of greasepaint) and stuck a large mirror in front of me. "Put the pan-stick on and then rub it in," he instructed. He gave me a pencil and showed me how to fix my eyes. When he didn't like the result of my efforts, he made me take it off and do it over again. When it came to the eyebrows, he penciled them on for me himself, demonstrating exactly how he was doing it. Then he handed me a small bottle of body makeup, which he told me to apply in my own dressing room, and gave me a list of the stuff I was to buy. From now on, I was informed, I was to apply the makeup myself.

"Okay, feller," Yul said when the fine job was finished. "Have fun!"

The next time I saw Yul Brynner was on stage that night. "Relax, kid," he whispered.

All I remember of that performance was that his voice was so loud, so clear, and carried so far, that it made my own voice seem very small. After the show, he was the first to shake my hand. "Nice job," he said. That was all.

During the weeks I played the part of the Crown Prince with King Yul, I got to know him well. Every night, we would meet in the wings before we went on, and he would talk to a thirteen-year-old boy as an equal. We discussed acting for one thing. Once, he presented me with a couple of books on acting. We talked a lot about water skiing, one of his favorite pastimes. When he asked me if I liked it, I told him I liked the water and knew how to swim, but didn't know a thing about water skiing.

One night Mr. Brynner called me into his dressing room to show me some skis he had made himself. He's wonderfully skillful with his hands. When I admired them, he said, "They're yours." I was so overcome by his kindness, I couldn't find words to thank him. "Oh, beat it," he snapped good-naturedly, waving his arms.

If you've seen "The King and I" either on the stage or in the movies, you'll recall the scene at the very end where the King is dying and is giving final instructions to his son. The King lies on a divan and the two keep on whispering to each other, while other stage business is going on. To make it appear that he really was giving me final instructions before his death, the King began telling jokes one night. I felt it was my turn to tell one. It proved to be terribly corny. Yul groaned and said, "Oh, no." Sometimes he'd repeat it to others, just to tease me and to prove to me how awful it was.

When the jokes began to pall, he started to play "knock-knock" for several evenings and it sure kept me on my toes. In the midst of my grief at seeing my "father" in his death throes, I had to think up a good "knock-knock." It's a wonder we ever kept sad faces.

Though at first I was completely thrown by his sense of humor, I had to use every acting trick at my command. Soon I realized there was method to his madness. This was Yul's rather unconventional way of teaching poise and balance. It was tough to take but I learned to laugh at it, since it proved invaluable experience.

At one point during the play's run, I was beginning to have trouble with my part. It was getting mechanical and I wasn't getting what I thought were enough laughs. One night, I told the King about it. He might have said, "Oh, you are, too; you're just imagining it." He didn't. He said, "You aren't playing the part straight enough." Though it wasn't his job, he suggested that we get together and rehearse it again. Immediately, I began getting laughs.

I was very grateful to him for his frankness but there are some people who don't like it. I've heard him telling others who came to him for criticism exactly what he thought was wrong. It was easy to see he had hurt their feelings.

I'd heard that he has a terrible temper, but I never saw evidences of it. Maybe he got the reputation by being so frank and direct in his criticism when he was asked for it, and from the habit he has of stamping his feet and using broad gestures when he's emphasizing a point.

His bluntness takes many forms. If you tell him a joke which he likes, he laughs uproariously. If you tell him one he doesn't like, he tells you it's awful. If he doesn't like you, he simply tries to avoid you. If he likes you, he goes all out for you. He liked all the kids in the cast. On holidays, he had lovely gifts for all of us, and presented them with as little show as possible. He remembered all of our birthdays and dutifully ate the cake provided, even when he didn't feel like having it. I think deep down he's sentimental and his bluntness is a weapon he uses to cover it up.

One day he gave me the thrill of my life in such a direct way that I was completely floored. Out of the blue, without any hints or preparation, he said to me, "I'd like you to come up to our place in Connecticut for the weekend. You've got the skis. I'll teach you how to water-ski."

At first I thought he was joking. When I realized he meant it, I was bowled over. Imagine how a thirteen-year-old kid feels when a great star of a hit show invites him to his home! "What would you rather do?" Yul asked. "Come up with me after the Saturday night performance and stay overnight, or take the train up on Sunday and have me meet you at the station?"

There was no doubt in my mind as to what I'd rather do. I wanted to go up on Saturday night.

"Suppose we call your mother," Yul said, "and see what she thinks about it."

My mother was as floored as I had been. "He may stay overnight," she told Mr. Brynner, "if it won't put you out too much."

Yul roared. "Put me out? We've got about forty bedrooms there." I guess there must really have been six or seven.

I went around in a happy daze, grinning from ear to ear, feeling terribly important, not daring to say a word about it to the other kids in the cast, who hadn't been invited yet. Their turn was coming later, I learned.

I think Yul's friends are the best proof that there's no chi-chi about him. After the Saturday night performance, Yul drove a carful of guests up to the Connecticut house he had rented for the summer. His friends, as varied and fascinating as he is, are another reliable clue to the kind of person he is. Among those with us were Don Lawson, Mrs. Lawson, an artist friend and a private detective. They'd all known Yul for years—long before he became famous. Once you're Yul Brynner's friend, no matter who or what you are, the friendship lasts forever.

It was about midnight when we arrived. Mrs. Brynner had already retired for the night, so Yul got to work scrambling eggs for all of us.

The next morning at six o'clock, Don wakened me by knocking at my door, and asking me to let him in. When I did, he suggested that I get into my bathing trunks. "We're going skiing after breakfast," he told me.

The weather was wonderful. A huge breakfast was served out-of-doors on a patio. The other guests were already assembled out there. So were the host, dressed in denims and blue shirt, and Mrs. Brynner, whom I met for the first time. She shook hands with me and asked, "Would you like to call your mother?"

If you want to know what Yul Brynner is really like, you have to see him on water-skis. He loves the sport intensely and is wonderful at it. It relaxes him completely. Not only can he ski forwards, but backwards too, and he doesn't know the meaning of the word "fear." He's the sort that can take it. While he was skiing along, he suddenly fell into the water. One of the skis hit him across his cheekbone, making a nasty cut. He excused himself, drove himself to a doctor, got a couple of stitches in his cheek, and came right back to continue where he left off. He never even mentioned the accident, and made so light of it when we showed concern, that soon it was forgotten.

Though he loves to water-ski and spends hours at it, he took time out to teach me. Perfectionist that he is in everything he undertakes, he stayed with me, patiently coaching until he felt I had caught on to it. All the while he watched me carefully to see that I wouldn't get hurt. He was so afraid that I might get hurt that he kept the motorboat going at a very slow pace. I remember yelling to him, "Faster, faster."

Mrs. Brynner, too, is a rugged, healthy, sports-loving person with a swell sense of humor. There was no outward show of affection between them, but you had to see the way they looked at each other and laughed together, to know there's real rapport between them. I never did get to know her well but I had the feeling that she understands her husband very well. I guess she felt we were his guests and that she'd be in the way if she hung around us.

I saw a great deal of their son Rocky, who was seven years old at the time. Yul takes real delight in the boy, who is the spit and image of him. But, though his father loves him devotedly, he doesn't spoil him.

"I want him to be rough and tough," he said. Yet he won't subject the boy to anything he feels he cannot do. While I was their guest, I heard Rocky say he wanted to water-ski, too. Yul wouldn't let him and said so in no uncertain terms. But he didn't want to let him down completely so he carried the little boy in his arms while he skied, to give him the feel of the skis. "He's too young to ski yet," his father said.

After dinner, we sat around the garden. Next to water-skiing, Yul loves photography, and he took what seemed like a million shots of us. Later in the week, he took pleasure in showing them to me.

We went back to New York on Monday afternoon. It was the most delightful weekend I had ever spent but I never dreamed I would be asked again. To my amazement, Yul commented, "You need another lesson in water-skiing. Come out with me again next Saturday night."

The guests were the same, but the weather wasn't. It rained practically all the time. We spent most of our time in the basement, where Yul makes and keeps his water skis. Patiently, he showed me how to make them, and how to wax them.

When the boy whose place I'd taken as the Crown Prince in "The King and I" came back from vacation, I left the cast. But it was by no means the end of my association with Yul Brynner.

You probably know that he's a wonderful director as well as a fine actor. When I heard that he had been assigned to direct a television script for "Omnibus," in which I was to appear as a Mexican bullfighter, I was delighted. Yul, as a director, gives the actor a feeling of security. You just know you're going to be good if he's guiding you.

It was typical of him not to compliment an actor while he was directing him. Once, after rehearsing a scene in which I thought I had done a darned good job, he said coolly, "It's good." After the show was over, he told me I was wonderful. Thanks to his direction, I received many compliments on my performance.

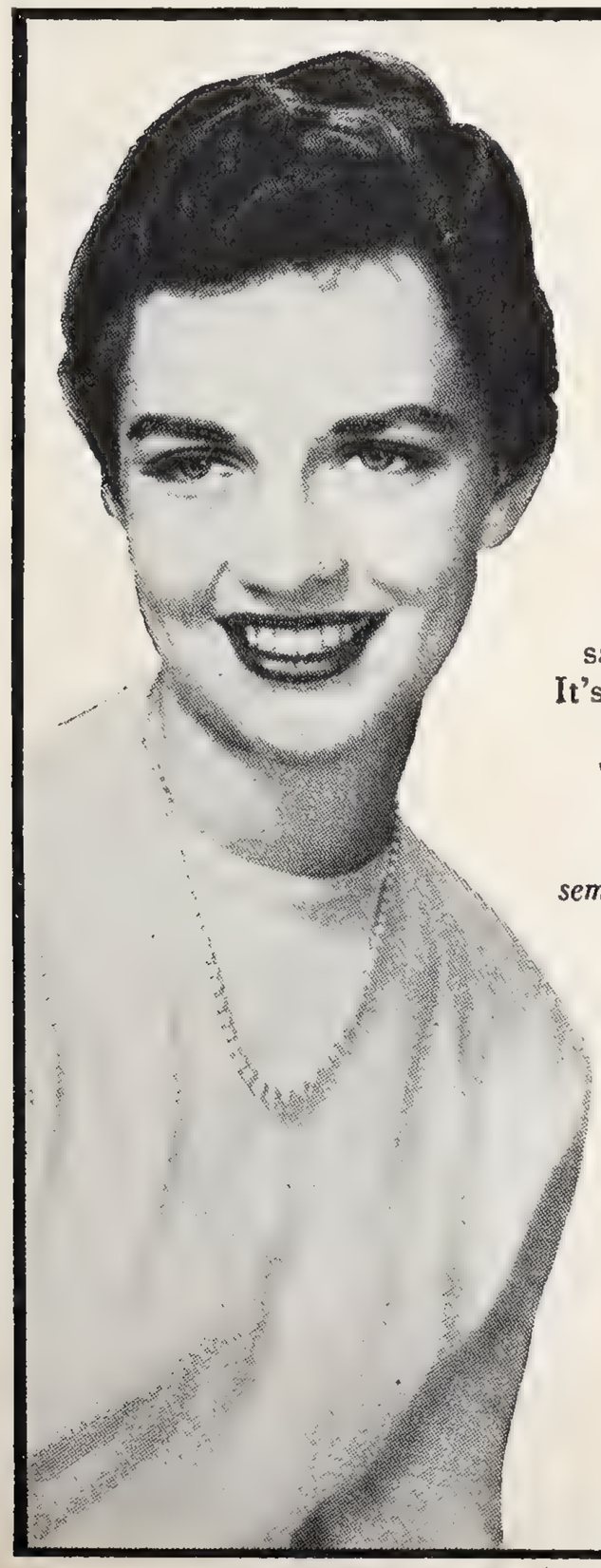
Our friendship became stronger. Even my family got into the act. Once, while I was still in "The King and I," I happened to mention to Mr. Brynner that my father, who is a carpenter by profession and who now makes coffins by hand, could supply the wood for his skis. Yul immediaitely accepted the offer. So Dad used to deliver the wood backstage and chat with Mr. Brynner about carpentry. Yul liked to make cracks about my father's coffin-making prowess, which seemed to strike him as being very funny. *"Fahnstah-stic!"* he would say, a favorite word.

Some months after "The King and I" closed, Yul went to Hollywood, and later I, too, was signed to do a picture. We telephoned each other to try to make a date to go water-skiing together but somehow we were both so busy we could never arrange it.

Then we both happened to be in the East. My mother, who is an excellent cook and an expert on Italian dishes, thought Yul might like to sample some. He accepted her invitation with pleasure but, unfortunately, he was called back to Hollywood that very day to make another picture and he couldn't keep the date. He called to explain the situation to my mother and apologized profusely. "But I'll take a rain check," he noted.

I was thrilled to learn that Yul had won an Oscar for his role in "Anastasia." It didn't surprise me, because I always felt he would be very big some day. I sent him a telegram of congratulations. He acknowledged it by sending me an enlargement of one of the snapshots he had taken of me backstage. While he was visiting Mexico, he sent me a postal card. All he had written on it was "knock-knock." It was unsigned, but there was no doubt as to who had sent it.

Yul Brynner is my idol. I admit it unashamedly. He taught me technique; he taught me how to play comedy and how to listen. I've tried to apply what he taught me, when making my two most recent films, "Dino," for Allied Artists, and "The Young Don't Cry," for Columbia. Above all, he taught me that you can be a big star *and* a human being. THE END



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NATALIE WOOD REVIEWS JAMES DEAN STORY

Continued from page 72

on the road to Salinas. And the narrator says: "James Dean died today. He lived with a great hunger."

Quickly, the scene shifts to a year later. "Giant," Jimmy's last movie, is being premiered at Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood. And the crowds present aren't all there for the picture's living stars. Why has Jimmy Dean become such a great star so quickly? Why is he still loved, followed with such unparalleled enthusiasm?

The picture tells us why. It takes us back to Fairmount, Indiana, where Jimmy went to live on the farm of his aunt and uncle, after his mother's death. We meet the aunt, uncle, grandparents, high-school teacher, basketball coach, motorcycle-shop owner—all interviewed before the watching and listening cameras and microphones. Their recollections of Jimmy seem completely honest. No professional actors or actresses could possibly copy the way they talk. I *know*. I'm an actress, and I know only two kinds of people could talk like this: the greatest actors in the world; or real people, just saying simply what they really think.

Then the camera shifts to the Sigma Nu house on the UCLA campus, where a couple of Jimmy's former fraternity brothers tell us about the experiences they shared with him. After this, New York City: excitement, hunger, frustrations that accompanied his struggle to get ahead in the theater world.

Now we come to the Hollywood part of Jimmy's life, and I can tell you that the movie's producers have made the right choices again. We hear from Patsy D'Amore and Billy Karen of the Villa Capri restaurant, who affectionately remember the many evenings he spent at their place. And, as an actress, I can assure you that the fanciest Oscar-style acting couldn't measure up to sincere talk like this. The same is true of Lilli Kardell, a Hollywood girlfriend of Jimmy's, and pals Glenn Kramer and Lew Bracker.

The ending really stopped me. I heard a tape recording of Jimmy's voice, talking to his family and trying honestly to discover what made him tick. I kept thinking that the ticking was going to end so soon afterwards—too soon.

All of us—Jimmy's friends—want to thank the producers of the picture for showing him this way, as he really was. We were so afraid of the unhealthy legend that made a hero or a young god out of him. He was just one of us, an eager young person who desperately wanted to accomplish something. Was he trying when he destroyed himself? We don't know.

Ironically, this movie shows how much he could have accomplished in his work if he had had more time. Jimmy Dean could have handled any type of role, beyond the single-themed parts he played in "East of Eden," "Rebel Without a Cause" and "Giant." One thing is certain: "The James Dean Story" will encourage more re-issues of those films. And that's good news. Here, of course, I'm prejudiced. Yes, I was a friend of Jimmy Dean's. And I love fine movies, no matter who's in them.

Maybe I'm prejudiced in another way, because of my age. "The James Dean Story" is the story of a unique young man—but he was like the rest of us in a good many ways. Looking at him so closely, we may understand ourselves better.

Stewart Stern, who wrote the screenplays for "Rebel Without a Cause" and "The James Dean Story," says aptly of Jimmy: "He believed that the cry of the world is for tenderness between human beings—all human beings—and he felt that to be tender requires more courage of a man than to be violent. Men are brave enough for war, but not yet brave enough for love. That's what Jimmy thought."

I feel this very strongly, because it's what we were all trying to say in "Rebel." In that picture, Jimmy wasn't misunderstanding—people were misunderstanding him. He was not the rebel; he was hungering for sympathy and guidance.

"The James Dean Story" will please Jimmy Dean fans, of course. As for people who can't understand why there *still* are Dean fans—now they'll know. THE END

IN MEMORY OF JIMMY

Continued from page 70

My two dancing partners and So Height were there, too, I think. Everybody used to meet at this place. Jimmy didn't impress me one bit when I first met him. I thought he was a little straggly kid that somebody had brought in—actually that's more or less what happened. One of the girls took a liking to him at a TV rehearsal and brought him there to give him a good meal because he looked hungry, he looked lonely, he looked like he needed a friend. Actually, years later, I found out that he always looked that way. And up until the rehearsal night, he didn't one way or the other impress me.

A couple of nights later, I remember, I was sitting in the living room of the Rehearsal Club and Jimmy was there, too. Boys were allowed to visit the girls up until 11:00 or 12:00 P.M. I forget what time it was and there were two couches, one facing the other. I was sitting in one and Jimmy was sitting in the other. And I was reading a magazine and he was reading a magazine, too. I quoted something out of the one I was reading and his answer was a quote out of the magazine that he was reading and we carried on a conversation like this for about fifteen minutes—you know, real fun—and we both got a kick out of it. Suddenly, he said, "I have an idea. Would you like to go up to Tony's, the place that they have this Champale?" And I said, "All right. What the heck!"

So we went around there and we sat down in a booth and a couple of kids that both of us knew were in the next booth and we got into a conversation and his ideas and my ideas sort of jelled and he became interested and so did I.

Then we started drawing pictures on a napkin, I remember, and I was very much impressed about the way he could draw. Jimmy was sort of self-taught in almost everything he did. He was a very good artist, so I started to draw the only thing I knew how to draw—a tree. And he remarked how good it was and we just seemed to be getting to know one another closer and closer all the time. I think he was more impressed than I was at first.

A couple of nights later I had a costume-fitting somewhere up in the Bronx, and Jimmy said he would meet me at a little place around the corner. He was just sitting around the Rehearsal Club and I didn't take him too seriously. When I finished this costume-fitting and I was going by this place—Tony's—instead of going straight home, I went in just to see if Jimmy was there. And he was and it turned out to be his birthday and he started saying all sorts of things about that was the best birthday he had had in years.

When I first met him he drank beer, but after I got to know him very well, he really didn't take to drinking much.

Then we started going around together quite steadily. He used to call me at night or in the daytime—any time he happened to feel like it. He'd play records for me over the telephone. We would sit and talk for hours and hours and it was a desperate kind of feeling he had towards seeing me any time that he had a spare moment and talking to me any time he had a spare moment, almost like he didn't have anybody else, either. He just sort of hung on and, I guess, I must have been particularly lonely at the time, too, because we got to be inseparable.

One thing that was quite remarkable about him was that he never for one instant thought that he really couldn't make it. I mean he always knew that he would one day be a star, and there was no question in his mind about it at all. He was interested in the stage. Well, actually he was just interested in acting.

He got a couple of television parts during the first year that we were together in New York. In one of the first ones he played a soldier that was up for court martial and, I think, hanging or something like that. He was supposed to die and he was called in to see the President and it was a very dramatic scene. He didn't have too big a part, though. He always insisted that I come to his rehearsals, and he always wanted me to come to his performance and sit in the back and wait for him until he got finished, and then he would always want to hear my criticism on how he did. He seemed so sort of insecure in his acting and yet he must have thought he was good because he had no doubts about getting to the top.

Well, after this went on for a month he would call me and I would see him almost every night. We would either go around the corner for a beer, or just sit in the Rehearsal Club and talk, or meet on the street, or I would go and watch one of his shows, or we would sit in an automat until late at night talking about scripts or trees or grass or bugs or anything.

He told me he did a lot of sketches and stuff and put them up on the wall at his place. He spent a lot of time teaching me how to draw. He got about one or two television shows and I, in the meantime, was working on Mitch Miller to do something about my singing which was lousy. Jimmy was very firm about my singing. He never really thought that it was too good. He wanted me to continue dancing, although the auditions didn't turn out very well.

Then we went through a period where he couldn't get work and I couldn't get work, so I went to American Photograph Corporation and started working there as a retoucher. We used to eat together. We ate Shredded Wheat. We bought a lot of sugar and a lot of milk and we ate Shredded Wheat, sugar, and milk for dinner at my place lots of times. I had this little card table that we would set up with candlelight and make a big thing about our dinner of Shredded Wheat, sugar and milk.

We both lived right near Central Park so we used to walk there in the evenings a lot and sit on the rocks in the park and talk and during the day, if he had it free and if I had it free, we used to practice bullfighting. I would be the bull and he had a cape which was given to him by Sidney Franklin. It still had some blood on it. I remember him talking about it.

Then I made a record for Columbia with Mitch and I remember the day Jimmy and I went all over town looking for a place where we could play it. We found this record store and we went in and we listened to my record a couple of times and we criticized it to the end and he said, "I think you should dance."

Then we really got in pretty bad condition because neither one of us had any money and I remember I quit American Photograph and he came over that night and we had fights about that and I said well all my time was going to American Photograph and I didn't have any time to spend on following any sort of a career. He got mad and walked out.

Fifteen minutes later the telephone rang and I went downstairs and it was Jimmy and he said couldn't we please go around together again. He was so unhappy and I was, too, and we made a date to meet in Columbus Circle under the pigeons and we were going to go to a movie. I went up to meet him and he was sitting there. He looked as if he'd been there for hours waiting and it seemed like our first date. We were both so miserable about being poor and not getting anywhere that it was most exciting and one of the best dates that I had with Jimmy.

We went to a movie on Forty-second Street and held hands the entire time and then instead of going back to the "Y" he came over for a while. I lived in a tiny little place off Eighth Avenue and if there were two people in it it was crowded. And Jimmy and I figured out how we were going to give a party together. We wanted to give a big party, inviting all sorts of commentators and theater critics and stars.

Then I got a job with my girl friend Sue's boyfriend to start as assistant choreographer and it was in New Jersey (Ocean City), so I went down there. Jimmy was living in the Iroquois Hotel with his friend Bill Bast, and I was down there about a month, I guess, and he came down. I went up to New York for a visit to see him and talked him into coming back down with me for two or three days. He came down and he seemed pretty unhappy.

He was around a lot of stock people. He was around the theater and everything, but he wasn't doing anything and I think he was kind of depressed and in a hurry to get back to work. He went back to the city and after that I heard that he was going to go on a cruise with his producer, who was doing the play "See the Jaguar."

With the end of the summer, I went back to New York and I didn't have any place to stay. Jimmy had made arrangements for me to stay with this friend of mine, Anne Chisholm. In the meantime, he was out sailing somewhere off the Cape. For some strange reason or other I was on a bus one night. I didn't know when he was due back in the city, and I was just passing on the bus the place that we first had a couple of drinks, the place that was right around the corner from the Rehearsal Club. All of a sudden I saw him walking down the street going towards Tony's Bar. I leaped off the bus and I saw him turn into this bar and I went in after him. When I got there he was in a telephone booth trying to locate me, and I rapped on the door of the telephone booth, and I had never seen him more shocked. We had a great big mad love scene right in the middle of the floor.

Then I got a job working in the Paris Theater as an usherette. That was when we decided to take this trip to Indiana. We were going to hitchhike all the way. To me it seemed like a wonderful escapade, so we induced Bill Bast to come with us and we started out of the city. I remember we went to New Jersey by bus through the tunnel, got off at the other side, and started thumbing on the highway there.

We got a ride through half a state, I think, and we made Indiana in three rides. The last ride we got was with a very, very famous baseball player. He was catcher for the Pittsburgh Pirates, but since then he has been sold, and I don't remember what club he has been sold to. He was very worried about the three of us. He didn't know exactly what we were doing on the road hitchhiking, and he knew we didn't have much money.

I remember he had a Nash Rambler. It was very comfortable and most of the time Bill sat in the front seat and Jimmy and I huddled in the back because it was freezing cold. We would sing songs and then we would ask him all about baseball players and what they were like, and Jimmy didn't say too much all the way out. We all seemed to be having very much fun.

He left us in Indiana at a crossroads where we could telephone Mark, who was Jimmy's uncle. And just before we left, this baseball player took Bill aside (we found out later) and offered him some money for us, to take care of the three of us, and Bill refused and he said if ever we were all in New York some time we could get together. I think it was the next season we were supposed to meet him at the Roosevelt Hotel, where the ball

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players stayed, and he was going to take us out on the town and treat us to a time.

And then we called Jimmy's family and Uncle Mark came and called for us, and we spent a perfectly glorious week on his farm in Indiana. We were up about seven or eight o'clock in the morning. We were out shooting things. We would throw tin cans up in the air and practice shooting, and we went horseback riding and we visited Jimmy's school, his old teachers, and we sat in on the rehearsal of a high-school play and Jimmy coached.

We visited Jim's grandmother and grandfather. We met his father, who came all the way from California. He is a wonderful man, a dental technician and while he was out there, he gave Jimmy two new front teeth—they were coming loose because he had his teeth knocked out in football when he was a kid.

Then just about the end of the week Jimmy got a telephone call from New York saying that he got the part in "See the Jaguar," so we had to hurry back. We started out on the highway again going back to New York and we got a ride all the way back to New York with this man who owns oil in Texas. A very rich guy. He had ulcers. He said he couldn't eat anything and every time we would stop and get something to eat, he would go out and get violently ill by the car and then we would start off again.

On the ride back into New York, all of us were very, very depressed, as I remember, especially going into New York through the tunnel, because we didn't want to get back into the city. Even Jimmy didn't want to get back into the city, because we were having so much fun in Indiana and it was the freshest air the three of us had smelled in a long time.

Then it all started. He got swept up in the theater. He went out on the road, I think to Boston with "See the Jaguar." I didn't hear from him for about a month. Then one night he called and said he was back in the city, and that they were opening in two nights and he came down to see me at the Paris Theater where I got my old job back as an usherette.

One night I was working at the Paris Theater and he came with his friend Bill Bast and Bill's friend Tony. We all went out and celebrated because he got the part in "See the Jaguar." That was one of the last fun times that I ever had with Jimmy because after he got into the play, I didn't see much of him. As a matter of fact, he sort of disappeared after opening night. He seemed completely different once he got involved with "See the Jaguar" and Arthur Kennedy.

We sat in a neighborhood joint the night that he came back, after I had finished work, and he seemed to have something really bothering him, and I asked him what it was. The way he talked it was so hard and his gestures and everything were hard and sort of I-don't-give-a-damn kind of thing. He wasn't warm at all the way he used to be when we first went around.

But he wasn't always this way. I remember one time he went out for groceries or something and while in the grocery store he called me on the telephone. I don't know what had happened from the time he left until the time he got to the grocery store, but when he called he said he didn't have anything really to call about except that he wanted to get married, and he said, "we must get married before we get caught up in all this."

I remember him saying that, and he came back and that was one night when he seemed like he was afraid. There were lots of times when I felt that he was afraid. The way he hung on to me at the very beginning. After he got established, then I was afraid and I started to hang on to him, and he didn't seem to want the responsibility of having anybody hang on to him because he was going up too fast. That was just extra added weight.

What happened to Jimmy after that I don't know. In the first period of work in New York when he started getting up there he started getting television shows maybe once a month, which was a lot for him at the time. He had a lousy attitude about working. It seemed like he didn't care about rehearsals. He didn't care about the way he dressed. Sometimes he didn't even care about whether he was decent to people or not, as long as he was acting. He felt the *business* of show business was degrading.

The change. I wish everybody could have been with us in Indiana. The way he treated the animals. The way he treated even the dirt around the farm. Sort of the love he had for nature and everything showed me how completely simple he was. Simple in his ideals. Whether he was sure of what they were or not I am not sure, but he had them. They were growing But it made him pretty bitter, and he seemed to relax much more when we were out in Indiana.

One of the biggest things about him that I can remember is his love for animals The way he could get so close to them, and animals get close to him. This, to me, is quite a key to somebody's character.

After "See the Jaguar," he disappeared I found out he moved back into the Iroquois Hotel after Boston, and it took me about two months to find him. When I did, I called him one night and I went over to see him. He was living in this little hotel room, and he seemed in even a worse condition than he was when he was so hard and bitter about New York business, and the guff that you have to take with the theater in trying to get somewhere. He was studying Greek philosophy and reading Roman history and was studying music.

Howard Wilder was an interesting person and so he took up with Howard Wilder. He would hang on to anybody. Anybody that he felt he could get something out of—not money-wise or material-wise. He felt that any knowledge he could gain from anybody was valuable. As a matter of fact his time was valuable. He seemed to be in a hurry about something. I don't know what. Maybe a feeling that he wasn't going to live very long. I don't know.

Even though many of the articles that I have read about him say that Jimmy was well educated, I don't think so. He didn't have as much schooling as he had wanted and he tried to catch up with it all the time. He taught himself how to paint. He taught himself many things.

One thing he always kept telling me all the time even in his letters to me when I was in stock is that a person must know the field that he is going into. You have to know your art. This is something that he stressed all the time.

He liked steaks. He liked good steaks. He was always talking about steaks but in the early part of our friendship we didn't do much eating, and he didn't take too much notice of what he was eating when he ordered. He made up real crazy dishes when he was living in the hotel, and I used to come and eat with him because neither of us had much money and we had to concoct things other than Shredded Wheat.

That was when we really ran out of money. Before that first part we used to buy canned meats and make hashes and stuff. Clothes Jimmy never cared about. He didn't take care of his clothes very well, either. He would send them to the cleaners and maybe sometimes he would forget about them and I would have to get them out for him. He liked blue jeans. He lived in blue jeans most of the time. as everybody knows, and T-shirts. He

had an old lousy camel-hair coat that some girl had given him when I first met him and felt sorry for him. And he had a raincoat which I always had my eye on. I just adored that raincoat. It was three-quarter length. I made a deal with him that he could have my blue jeans if I could have his raincoat. And he finally gave it to me and I still have it. That and a picture are about the only two things that I can remember keeping.

Lots of times we used to walk along Fifth Avenue and look in the store windows. Mostly it was cars. He was fascinated by cars. He always wanted a Jaguar and I always wanted a Jaguar and there was a place on Broadway up around the Sixties, a great big store window that had all sorts of cars in it. We used to hang around and look in the window and dream about the Jaguar we were some day going to get. It turned out he got a Porsche or it got him.

My roommate and I had a great Dane, a beautiful dog. I used to take him for walks in Central Park. I remember I called Jimmy one afternoon and told him that maybe he would like to see our dog that we had just acquired, and I would be in Central Park at such and such a time and at such and such a place. So I remember I was playing with the dog in this great big field and I saw Jimmy and we must have spent a good hour there just running with the dog and throwing things for him, and having him run and bring it back to us and this is one of the few times that I saw him laugh during the last days that I ever saw him.

Two years ago, after I lived in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, I came back to New York and my first dancing partner, Fobiel, heard I was home and called me. He said he met Jimmy on the street and had a conversation with him, and told him that I was in New York and where I was. Within an hour Jimmy called me. I was over at a friend's house and we were going to have a party, and on the phone, it was the strangest feeling I got. I could almost visualize Jimmy doing flips and stuff while he was talking to me, because it seemed like I didn't know he had such a wonderful life out in Hollywood and so many things had happened to him. I thought he would be so terribly happy but he didn't seem to like it at all.

He seemed like he would rather be around his old friends, and he seemed like he was glad to hear from me and went on and on about how he missed me and how much he was thinking about me, and one of the first things he said was he got a horse. He always knew that I loved horses. And this gave him a large charge. Every time he would see a horse he would go blocks out of his way to point it out to me, or pet one down around Fifth and Fifty-ninth Street, where they all park.

He wanted to know immediately where I was and if he could come up, and I said we were having a party and he said he was with Jane Dacey, his agent, and Leonard Rossman, who had written the score for "East of Eden." They were going out to get some dinner and could they come up so I said sure. So about an hour later he called from Sardi's and said that they were eating dinner and he had forgotten the address. What was it again?

They came up and it was a wonderful homecoming, and he was happy to the point of almost hysteria. He was leaping and jumping all around like a clown, which he did very often when he was happy and I remember wherever I went at that party —if I would go into the kitchen to get food—he would follow me out there and stand and talk. Never anything about Hollywood or what he was doing but what *I* was doing, or how was the old gang. It seemed that he had just been away from home, and all of a sudden he found it again and he seemed jovial on top—but very unhappy underneath, somehow.

We left together. I remember he asked me what I was going to do. If I was going to go home. I said I didn't quite know, and he acted like he wanted to at least have a drink or talk a little bit more before I took the train for Larchmont, but Leonard Rossman talked him out of it and talked him into going to another party. So the three of us took a cab together and I got off at Grand Central. I remember, just before I left, he squeezed my hand in the cab and asked me if I were happy. I told him that I would be as soon as I could get back to the islands and he said, "I know what you mean," as if more or less he wished that he had found a place to go to where he could be happy. Then he said, "Now that I am more or less established and can help you, I wish you would come out to Hollywood, and I'll see if I can get you some dancing." He was the greatest enthusiast that I had about my dancing. He thought I was the living end. And that's the last I saw of Jimmy.

When I heard about Jimmy's death, I was sitting in a movie house in Puerto Rico, where I live now, and I heard a newsboy shout out in the streets that James Dean had been killed in a sports car accident. A lot of thoughts raced through my mind, mostly what I've been telling you about. About the desperate feeling he always had in wanting to see me any time, anywhere . . . about his fascination for cars and how he always wanted a Jaguar. But how he didn't like to drive and always made me do it.

I may forget a lot of other people, but no matter what happens, I'll never forget Jimmy Dean. THE END

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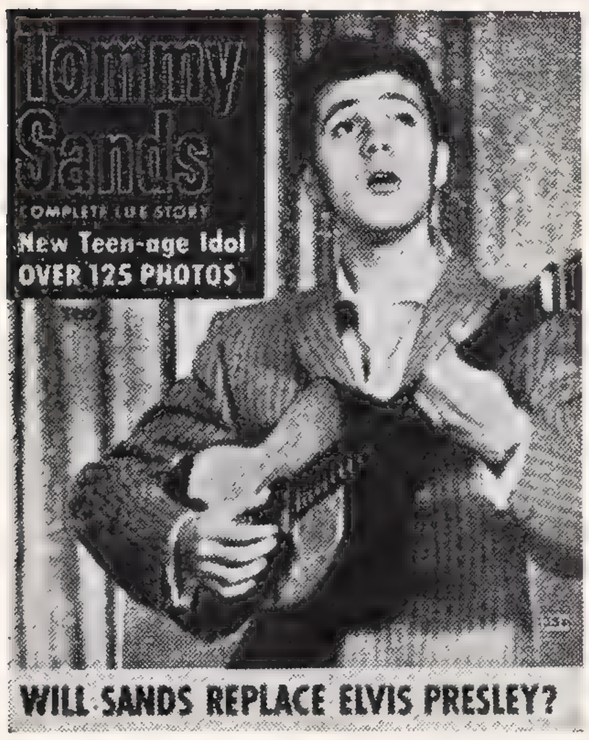
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WISH YOU WERE HERE

Continued from page 68

York I think I'm gradually working myself around to the point where I can stop pinching myself.

Kelly and I took the plane for New York last Tuesday, and Tony took the train in to meet us here a few days later. We've been having a ball here in the Big City (I guess we always do whenever we get here). Tonight we had dinner at Danny's, saw "New Girl In Town" and stopped in at "21" (the night club, not the TV show). I'm tired now, but I'm so excited at the prospect of sailing for England in the morning that I don't think I'll sleep a wink tonight.

SATURDAY, THE ILE DE FRANCE

Well, I knew it! I was up at 5:30, and knew I couldn't go back to sleep, so I got up and dressed, had breakfast and started doing last-minute things. Such dashing around! But I finally got the twenty-six pieces of luggage packed and tagged. We left the hotel right on time. The excitement started the minute we pulled up to the line of the Ile de France in the car. It's a beautiful ship, and the hustle and bustle and foreign language was the beginning of the end for me. I was a goner, right from the start. When we arrived, a lot of people were already here waiting for us—newspaper people, radio press, the Norwegian consul, and lots of presents. The steward had glasses all set up and ice for the champagne, buckets and buckets of it. Everyone sure was thirsty for 10:00 o'clock in the morning! The excitement kept rising—wires, flowers, caviar, champagne—it was better than Christmas. Afterwards, we went up to say goodbye.

We watched for "the lady" in the harbor and then went below to settle Kelly. We have a lovely suite on board ship: three big rooms and three bathrooms. We're in real class.

We spent the afternoon settling down. Tony pooped out about three and slept till dinner. The baby was a little cranky—the rolling of the ship (even though our trip has been beautifully smooth so far) is enough to make her feel unsure of standing so she kept coming to me to be held. By six I was just exhausted. I guess everything finally caught up with me. So Tony decided we would stay in and not go down to dinner. We played for a while and then Kelly took a bath. It's only the second or third time she'd been in a tub, and oh, there was splashing and kicking. She had fun, and, needless to say, so did I.

After Kelly's bedtime, Tony and I had a lovely dinner in the living room of our suite. What a nice day!

MONDAY

Poor Tony—he feels so strange with the start of a beard and the long hair that he's had to grow for his role in "The Vikings." He apologizes to everyone for his appearance, even though I don't think he looks bad at all. And Kelly has taken over the boat! She stops everyone with that smile of hers. Between the two of them, we Curtises are certainly coming in for our share of attention.

After just one day on a French ship, Tony is more French than the French! He's even teaching the language to Kelly. His "Oui, ma cherie" makes her giggle and when we all saw our first "Punch and Judy" show today in French I could swear Kelly understood it. She was fascinated and laughed at the puppets and talked to them (well you know what I mean) and jumped up and down. I wouldn't have missed the performance (and hers) for the world. She's such a joy to have.

Tonight was the Captain's dinner, and everyone dressed. We met in the smoking room for cocktails and then went to the captain's table for the most delicious and beautifully served meal ever. There were different wines with each course, a waiter for every person, and afterward Tony even asked me to dance—so you know it was a really gala affair! I'll be sorry when the voyage is over, but we dock on Friday. Bonne nuit.

FRIDAY, EN ROUTE

Today was "D" Day (Disembarkation Day). Tony and I had expected to have a hassle with the docks and customs at Plymouth but it wasn't so bad after all—thanks to Jack Hirshberg (who's the publicity director on "The Vikings") and Mr. Jones (the representative of the French line). When the immigration inspectors came on board, Jack brought all the newspapermen with him and Mr. Jones, and we went right through. (There are times it pays to be a movie star!) Then came pictures and interviews. Afterward, we awakened Kelly from her nap and boarded the launch to take us into Plymouth and then took a train from there to London. The English countryside is absolutely beautiful: buttercups, bluebells, old rock formations, green, green grass, little churches and lovely farmyards—it's all just lovely.

We arrived in London to find we were going to be ensconsed in an elegant suite at the Dorchester Hotel. They call it a penthouse but it looked more like a hothouse when we got there, there were so many flowers waiting to welcome us. I like England. In fact, I think we'll settle down and have a spot of tea (dig that!).

MONDAY

Tony says he can't understand it. Everyone in London sounds like Cary Grant! It's true, too.

We both had a busy day today. Tony and I reported to Berman's in wardrobe at 10:00 o'clock for the first fittings of costumes on "The Vikings." There will be fur boots and leather sandals and wonderful breeches for the men that I think they ought to be wearing now if they have good legs (and Tony has). And the women's clothes are so flowery and feminine. We just loved all the changes in store for us.

When we got back to the Dorchester, Kelly and I went for a walk in the park nearby. Kelly loves the place and she's having fun seeing the birds and ducks and rabbits. She gets out on the grass now and she's made some little English friends. They were playing on the lawn when she suddenly stood up and took two little steps. (It won't be long now!)

After we'd given Kelly her bath, tucked her into bed and said "nitey night," Tony and I went to Howard Keel's opening at the Palladium with Helen Keel, Gloria and Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen. Howard was magnificent. I have never seen him on a stage before and a whole new quality comes out in him.

The audience went wild. They couldn't get enough of him and neither could we. Sammy Cahn had done some material for him that was awfully good. We fought our way out past a mob waiting and then the whole party of us went to Les Ambassadeurs. Tony and I *danced every dance!* Something has happened to my husband and I love it. I was in my glory because you know how I love to dance. We had such a good time! Now to bed.

TUESDAY

Two weeks—it seems like two years already! We've covered so much ground in

so many ways that I feel we've been gone for months and months. You folks back home better miss me as much as I do you or I'll be sick that I told you. I'll be in your power.

There are so many things we like about England. The language and a good many of the customs are the same, but a good many of the little things are different. Take the matter of roast beef versus steak, for instance. Tony and I have been "steak" people from way back, but we're getting to like the English roast beef and Yorkshire pudding and ale. And even though I'd never think of ordering tea at home, the other day we were invited to "high tea" in the middle of the afternoon, and I sat back, sipped and enjoyed it thoroughly.

And take the matter of going to the theater. We like it both here and at home—but here the difference is that you can smoke all during the performance if you want to. And between the acts you can have coffee and cakes or ice cream or lemonade or liquor. It's relaxing, and very pleasant. When a friend of ours took Tony and me to see "Sailor Beware," a play that's been running in London for two-and-a-half years, we were invited down to have drinks at the intermission in the Queen's Retiring Room. (Aren't we getting big? Joke!)

A while later, a man we'd met on the boat invited us to a cocktail party, and there were lots of lords and ladies present. It seemed that everybody had a title, and that we and the hosts were the only just plain Mr. and Mrs. there. Tony pulled a great line when he was introduced to one of the lords. He shook hands and said, "Nice to know you, Lord." Maybe it wasn't etiquette, but we were very large with the social register that evening.

Gee, I'm getting to like all this!

MONDAY

"Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday dear Tony, happy birthday to you!" I feel like the original singing telegram, but today was Tony's birthday and we've been celebrating all day. The baby seemed to sense which day this was, for she woke us up real early so that we wouldn't miss a minute of it. First came the telegram, then came the phone calls, and then the room clerk brought up the morning mail, well, it seemed like a national holiday! Around eleven, Tony had to go to the insurance doctor for a little while so he missed a few of the congratulations, but I took them for him. He was back in time to get a phone call from our friends Warren and Teme in New York though, and he enjoyed it.

After lunch, we were scheduled to drive out to the airport with Jerry Bresler, the producer of "The Vikings," and Ernest Borgnine (you know him!) to meet Kirk Douglas and his wife Anne when they arrived. It was the first time I'd seen Ernie with the beard he's been growing for the picture, and he looks so fierce! He looked like "Nature Boy" and I told him so. He laughed.

Tony's been on a photography kick for quite awhile (as you probably know) and this time he took a movie camera with him to take pictures of Kirk getting off the plane, us greeting him, and so on. Tony even got a photographer's pass to come out onto the field, so we were ready, set and waiting by the time they put the gangplank down. Tony started turning the crank the minute Kirk stepped off the plane, and you should have seen Kirk's face when he recognized the "bearded photographer" who greeted him. I thought he'd fall off his feet! Tony was in his glory. He took over-the-shoulder shots, closeups, longshots, wide shots, narrow shots—and he had us smiling our heads off. Then he went to reload, and guess what? *No film* in the camera. If you've ever wanted to see a red face in your life you should have been there then. Tony's was a beaut!

We had a wonderful afternoon with Kirk and Anne, discussing England and the States and the picture and each other, and then we said "goodbye" (we thought) when we raced off to change for dinner and to meet Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer to celebrate Tony's birthday at Claridge's in style. Didn't I tell you? Josie and Jose got here Saturday, and we'd made a date immediately to celebrate Tony's birthday together.

Tony and I dressed in a hurry, got to Claridge's, and found not only Josie and Jose Ferrer smiling up at us—but Kirk Douglas and his Anne too! We toasted Tony in champagne, and then we toasted England, and then we toasted each other. The first course for dinner was a small baked potato stuffed with caviar and butter. Need I say more? It was a wonderful celebration!

WEDNESDAY

I'm getting used to the way Kelly is stealing the show here. Everywhere we go, people make goo-goo eyes at her. No one says hello to me—only to Kelly. But I'm getting accustomed to it all!

We go through our routine for company. I'll say "Go to Daddy," and she does. And then Tony will say, "Go to Mother," and she does. She wobbles when she does it and looks like a drunken sailor, but she's learning fast. Only last week, it was all she could do to stand up straight and take two steps before she'd topple down again. But yesterday she walked ten full steps and then smiled up at me as though she was real proud of herself. I hugged her,

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and when she thought I wasn't looking, she did the whole thing over again!

Kelly's learned a couple of other tricks too. When I say, "Give me a love," she kisses me—mouth open, drool and all. Then she puts her head down on the pillow. When she does it for company, it just about breaks everyone up—including me.

The other day when I got up she put her little hands around my face and kept giving me "loves," and then followed me around as I was getting dressed. I was ready to say, "To heck with the movie" and stay home with her but she started waving bye-bye to me, and I laughed right out loud. It seems she's learned already that "there's no business like show business."

FRIDAY, DINARD, FRANCE

Just when you think things are rolling along smoothly, along comes something that proves to you that *nothing's* predictable, especially when you're on a picture. Tony and I embarked for Norway, right on schedule, and then flew over to Dinard, France, just as the itinerary called for. We were deep in production on the picture by this time and were congratulating ourselves that things were running so smoothly, when one of those unexpected accidents happened that throws everything out of kilter.

It happened last Friday, at about 1:00 o'clock in the afternoon. I wasn't in the shooting that day, so I was home with Kelly. We'd just had our lunch and were about to go out for some fresh air when the telephone rang. "Hi honey," said Tony. "I'm coming home."

"So soon?" I asked, being the dutiful but curious wife. "Is the shooting over?" "The shooting isn't over," he continued, "but I'm through for the day." And then a premonition of danger transferred itself across the wire, cutting through as clearly as Tony's voice requesting, "Could you have some cold compresses waiting?"

"Are you hurt?" I asked, and I had to grip the telephone table to keep from trembling.

"Not badly," he answered—and then, before I had a chance to ask any more questions, he said, "Be home in about three-quarters of an hour. See you."

I took off the baby's coat and leggings, put her in the play pen, and hurried to the refrigerator to take out the ice cubes and prepare some cold gauze compresses. Then, because I couldn't help it, I phoned the studio and asked for Jerry Bresler. He told me exactly what had happened. They'd been shooting a scene depicting a Viking invasion of England, and one of the arrows had caught Tony in the eye. Nobody knew how bad it was—but everybody was concerned and frightened.

I'd hardly had a chance to hang up the phone, when Tony arrived, in the company of a doctor.

"I think we'll save the eye," the doctor said reassuringly. "But Tony needs care. Give him these eye drops" (he took a small vial out of his bag) "and change the compress on his eye every half hour. Use a clean gauze bandage, fold it this way, and make sure it's very cold. Do you think you can do that?"

I assured the doctor I could—and would. Tony smiled. "Real rugged people, those Vikings," he said with a grin. And then he grimaced, because the gesture hurt the muscles around his eye.

"Well we're rugged too," I replied, "and we'll save the eye." He didn't say a word after that, just put his head back and let me put the cold compress on. It seemed like a century but it was only a few hours later when the doctor returned. "Looks better, much better," he said as he studied the eye reflectively, and my relief was so acute I could just feel every nerve in my body unwind, like an alarm clock running out.

The doctor stopped by again today to give me the news I'd been waiting for all week. "He's going to be all right. The eye will be saved." It was the news I'd been waiting for . . . the news that made the whole world seem right again.

But Tony had the final word. "Well, when are we going back to work?" he asked. "As soon as I finish writing this letter to Photoplay," I answered, and everybody laughed.

And here it is. THE END

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Continued from page 49

reached the top. Their girl had done it.

In a way, this is the story of Ava Gardner's life. She's a girl who has continually defied convention, dared to do things that others wouldn't, behaved with warmth, humor and an utter lack of inhibition—and climbed to giddy heights.

Where has it brought Ava Gardner? Thirty-three now, she has gone through three unhappy marriages. She is more beautiful than ever, her star status remains unchanged—but she has shaken the dust of Hollywood off her feet, declaring "I can't stand all the phonies there." She has forsaken her native land in favor of Spain, where she lives in a small, secluded brick house on the outskirts of Madrid. She has also forsaken many former friends and acquaintances, her only close companions being her sister, Beatrice, and the Italian comedian, Walter Chiari.

"She's the unhappiest woman in the world," a man who has known her for many years remarked.

"She's selfish," said a woman acquaintance. "She's so wrapped up in her own troubles that she never thinks of anyone else."

"When she came back to Hollywood the last time, she looked right through me as if she'd never seen me before in her life—and I've known her for years!" another complained.

All this has resulted in a picture of Ava that has been painted by the press recently as a woman who has everything in the world—and nothing. A woman torn by inner strife, restless, endlessly searching for happiness she has never found, one moment miserable and self-pitying, the next madly pursuing pleasure to drown her sorrows.

There is no question but that Ava by her own words and actions, has contributed a great deal to this picture. In fact, she seems to take delight in it, as if it were some sort of grim, private joke. "So that's what they think of me," she says to herself, "So let them. Nobody understands me, anyway. They never have, and they never will."

This is unfortunate, because it is unfair to one of the most vital and fascinating women in the world. Not that her vitality and fascination won't survive this treatment. These are the qualities that have made her every move headline material, and they will certainly continue to do so. This is Ava's private joke: She knows it.

But it's high time that, in justice to Ava, the truth be told, the whys and wherefores of her complex character explained, and the pieces of the puzzle put in their proper place.

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Ava Gardner is not a movie star by choice. Had it not been for one small incident, she's said, "I'd probably have wound up as a secretary back in Smithfield."

She'd taken business courses in high school and one year of college, and she'd come to New York to look for a job. She was staying with her sister Beatrice, whose husband, Larry Tarr, was a photographer. He used Ava as a model, and one of the pictures was put into a Fifth Avenue shop window. An M-G-M talent scout strolled by, and the picture caught his eye. He offered Ava a screen test. The test was successful. She signed an M-G-M contract and left for Hollywood. As simple as that.

The old Cinderella story, all over again. Complete with Prince Charming, who appeared the very first day she reported to the lot. Mickey Rooney wasn't Ava's idea of Prince Charming at the time—Clark Gable was—but when he spotted her and sprinted over to strike up a conversation and ask for a date, she soon found out that, with his gallantry and Irish wit, he lived up to the title. She was flattered, too—Mickey, as star of the *Andy Hardy* films, was one of the hottest personalities in Hollywood.

Such attention would have bolstered any girl's ego, and Ava's ego was in need of bolstering. She felt strange and insecure. People, she knew, made fun of her gaucherie, her heavy southern accent.

Mickey put her at ease, and made her laugh. A thorough pro who had been on the stage since the age of two, he dazzled her with his knowledge of show business. On his part, Mickey was charmed by her freshness and naiveté, a welcome change from the ambitious Hollywood starlets.

After a few months, said Ava, "We just kind of knew we'd be married." The marriage lasted one year, and Ava was a divorcée at twenty.

Mickey's mother said, before the wedding, "Ava's a grand girl and I love her. But it won't last three weeks." She knew then what Ava had to learn from experience—that Mickey was, first and foremost, a performer, and everyone else his audience. The role of husband was one he didn't know how to play, but it was the only one that Ava wanted.

Yet Ava, to this day, never speaks of Mickey with bitterness. "He's such fun," she says. "He was a wonderful person, in many ways."

Of something else, she does not speak—a feeling of inferiority and inadequacy that Mickey had engendered in her. "I wised her up," Mickey has said. He meant it kindly—showing the ropes of sophisticated Hollywood life to the greenhorn from North Carolina. But who wants to be made to feel like a greenhorn?

With husband No. 2, Artie Shaw, it became much worse. Artie was an intellectual. On their honeymoon, he brought huge stacks of books for Ava to read, on every conceivable subject, and spent hours lecturing her on her educational shortcomings. Hardly the fulfillment of Love's Young Dream. Ava, however, pitched into the tomes courageously—and discovered that she liked it. He also introduced her to good music. But a continual diet of forced intellectual feeding was more than Ava could take. *That* marriage lasted a year, too.

She weighed 126 when she and Artie were wed. When they were divorced, in 1946, she weighted 106.

"Ava's an incurable romantic," a friend says. "Why, when Artie told her she was the only woman he'd ever loved, she really believed it! Of course, she knew about Lana Turner, and that there had been some other Mrs. Shaw—but she didn't know until after they were married that she was the fifth—she simply never bothered to find out!"



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No, when it came to love, Ava's heart always ruled her head. But both heart and head had taken quite a beating in both her brief marriages. She came out of it sadder, but wiser.

For a long time, she was careful not to become deeply entangled in any romance. There was an interlude with Howard Duff, whose quiet, retiring nature was balm for a girl exposed to the flamboyant Rooney and pretentious Shaw. But although Howard was serious, Ava refused to be. She was afraid to become too deeply involved.

There was another Howard in her life, too—Howard Hughes, the fabulous tycoon whose name has been linked with a long list of Hollywood's loveliest. The difference with Ava, she says, is that he always wanted to marry her. And since he did reappear in her life regularly between marriages, obviously Ava was more than a passing fancy. Why has Ava shied away from him? Who knows. Perhaps, after the Rooney-Shaw experiences, the prospect of marriage to this formidable man was more than Ava cared to face.

"I'll never marry another actor," said Ava. But that was before she met Frank Sinatra, at a New York theater party. And instantly succumbed to the Sinatra charm.

"That's what always gets me," she smiles. "That old charm. And Frank is the most charming man alive."

Their courtship was anything but charming. It was noisy, it was tempestuous, it ranged over half the world. It brought heaps of censure upon Ava's head. She was pictured as the villain who broke up Frankie's home. Nobody noted that, in reality, Nancy and Frank had come to a parting of the ways long before.

At last, Frank settled the problem of divorce with Nancy—thereby signing away a third of his income—and the way was paved for the wedding. At that small but hectic ceremony in Philadelphia in 1951, Ava lost her footing, coming downstairs to join Frank. "I had a vision of the bride landing in a heap at the foot of the stairs," she says. She regained her balance—but could it have been a portent of things to come?

She plunged into the role of wife with a will. This Was It, she thought. Eagerly, she took down Frank's favorite recipes from Mama Sinatra. She jumped up in the morning and prepared huge breakfasts. Only to have Frank come in and growl, "Just coffee. I'm not hungry." And the fighting began.

"When I lose my temper," Ava says, "nobody can find it." The same was true of Frank. But what really broke up the marriage was that ole debbil, jealousy. "I'm jealous, and possessive," Ava admits. So is Frank.

There was a battle royal in New York, with Ava holed up in one hotel, and Frank in another. Mama Sinatra, who is much more fond of Ava than she was of Frank's first wife, Nancy, stepped in to effect a brief truce. But it was the beginning of the end. They separated.

Why didn't Ava divorce Frank at once? Through the years since, she has sometimes referred vaguely to "a property settlement." This has given rise to stories that Ava was seeking hefty alimony since Frank's return to enormous popularity and affluence, rumors that were revived again when she finally applied for the divorce in Mexico City recently. There is no truth in this. Proudly, Ava feels she is quite capable of taking care of herself. The question of a "property settlement" was a matter of principle. When Ava was wed to Frank, he was making very little money. She was the one who paid many of the bills. She felt she was entitled to some reimbursement. Although no one knows the real story, it can be assumed that since Ava's return from Spain, she and Frank were able to reach an amicable agreement on this, which, because they have been so widely separated by distance, they have not been able to get together to settle before.

For Ava, the story of the alimony was another of the barbs that have caused her to withdraw into a protective cloak of silence and cynicism. Far from being a heartless creature who deliberately chooses to snub or ignore others, she is simply on the defensive. Outwardly, Ava pretends to care nothing about the criticism, the scandal magazine stories that are printed about her. Inwardly, she is deeply hurt.

So she carries a chip on her shoulder. That was the case, not long ago, when she went to Mexico to make "The Sun Also Rises." Ava had her heart set on a part for her friend, Walter Chiari. Instead, she learned, the part had been given to attractive, young Bob Evans. Ava bristled, and, when she first met Bob on the set, treated him coldly. She knew from experience how these things happened. Wasn't Evans the fellow who was a multimillionaire clothing manufacturer in New York? Somebody'd been impressed—he had "pull." And this must be just a lark for him. Why take work from people who acted to make a living?

But when she worked with Bob, she thawed immediately. She saw that he was no playboy seeking a new thrill, but a person who was doing something he'd always wanted to do, something that meant a lot to him, and which he was dead serious about. Soon, the two of them had their heads together, yakking away like old pals. Later, on a brief stopover in New York, though she bypassed all the whoopte-do and saw no one else, she took time to have dinner with Bob.

"A lot of people don't understand Ava," says Bob Evans. "She's really a warm, grand person."

That's the way the folks back home feel about her, too. Not long ago, Ava returned again to Smithfield, after an absence of five years—the longest time she's ever been away. As she and Walter Chiari stepped out of their private plane, Ava, in huge dark glasses and a gay yellow shirtwaist dress, couldn't contain her excitement. "Oh, it's so wonderful to be back in North Carolina," she cried, rushing into the arms of relatives who had turned out full force, and giving each one a big hug.

Was this the cold, unhappy Ava? No—this was the real Ava, the girl who shows herself only to what she calls "real" people. "He's a real person" is Ava's highest compliment. By this, she means a person who is simple and human, not a phony, or someone seeking to use her for his own advantage. Unfortunately, in her world of stardom there aren't many who qualify—and Ava's protective suspicion has shut out those who do. So she looks for them in out-of-the-way places—a small night club or drive-in, where, unrecognized, she can strike up happy conversations with strangers. A child on the street—children don't know or care that she is a star. And she has a weakness for children.

"Ava Takes Chiari To Meet The Home Folks" the papers proclaimed. Actually, the reason for Ava's visit to Smithfield was the celebration for her brother Melvin and his bride-to-be, Rose Darby. A niece, Edna Mae Grimes, was also about to be wed.

"Everybody's getting married except me," said Ava gaily.

"We are just companions," said the dark, handsome Chiari.

Always taking into consideration the Italian's potent charm—a weapon that Ava has always been unable to resist—it's doubtful that they will reach the altar, al-

though Ava has made it no secret that she would like to marry again.

Is this because Ava is so moody and mixed-up that she doesn't know what she wants? No. It is because her experiences with men have made her too wise.

Because her marriage to Mickey Rooney made her feel inferior, her marriage to Artie Shaw, inadequate, and her marriage to Frank, a failure as a woman, it is generally believed that she is now carrying a heavy load of self-condemnation, a feeling of worthlessness that she can never overcome. This is far from the truth. Bitter as these experiences were, from each of her husbands Ava learned much, and she is the first to admit it. Besides Hollywood know-how, Mickey taught her that a woman cannot expect an immature boy to behave with the responsibility of a man. Artie Shaw—whom she admires more than any of her husbands because she believes him to be completely honest—gave her a gift worth more than all the mink and diamonds in the world—the key to knowledge. Few realize that Ava has acquired a culture and sophistication that many a Harvard graduate might envy. Because of her background and lack of formal schooling, she's selfconscious about it and belittles it, but it is true—and it has added immeasurably to her present wisdom. And from Frankie . . . from Frank she learned about herself. Her own weakness, and her own strength.

So here is Ava, a woman developed in maturity and knowledge far beyond the average. A woman who enjoys the company of men, but can be easily bored by them, and can spot their weaknesses at a glance. Her former flames, bullfighters Mario Cabre and Luis Dominguin, she calls "Boys. Fun—but boys."

That Chiari feels this detached, critical evaluation was evident when he appeared on Steve Allen's TV show. He was performing with easy competence, until he realized Ava was watching him. Then, although he carried the show off very well, he became quite nervous.

It will be difficult for Ava to find the kind of man with whom she wants to spend the rest of her life—and she will not settle for less. But in the meantime, she is far from unhappy. Chiari is charming and amusing, the ever-faithful sister Beatrice takes care of all the worrisome details of business and living, and is her trusted confidante. In Spain, there is all the warmth and color and excitement she loves. And most of all, "Real people. In Europe, they have respect for actresses. They don't treat you like a curiosity. They leave you alone." This, and the little house with no telephones, plenty of good food, the bullfights and flamencos—this is what Ava wants. And in her circumstances, who can argue with her choice?

When Ava boarded the plane to go back to Spain—permanently, she says—she discovered that five pieces of her baggage were missing. As the flustered Beatrice investigated and the embarrassed Chiari stood by, Ava raved and ranted, making the air blue.

"There she goes again," an onlooker remarked. "What a pitiful sight that girl is."

Another incident. Another headline.

Ava didn't care. People wouldn't understand, anyway. They didn't know what it was like to be hounded by reporters every minute, to have to smile for the photographers when you didn't feel like it, to put up with stares and rude remarks. She'd stood it all, even the too-personal questions about her private life. Who could blame her if she took it out in one grand, defiant explosion against five missing pieces of luggage? They couldn't spread rumors and hurt her in return. THE END



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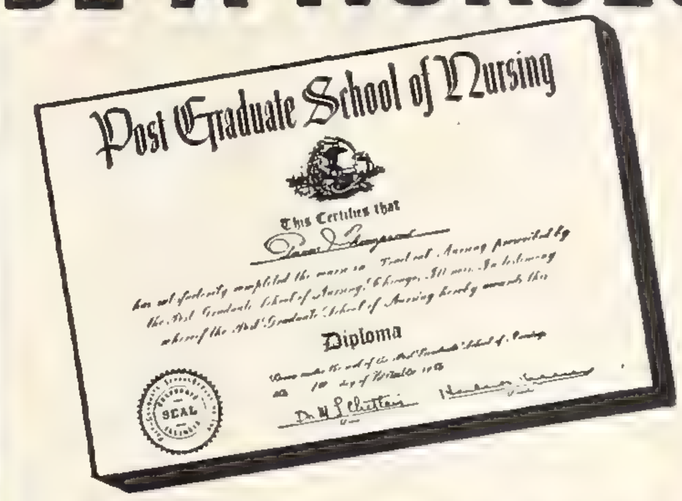
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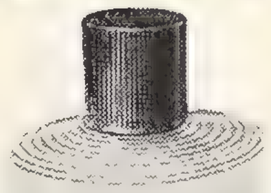
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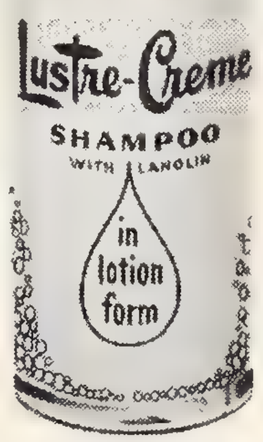
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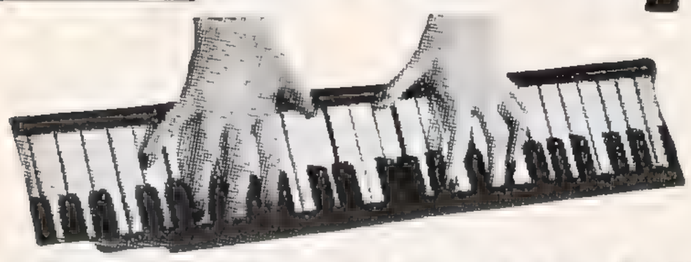
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LIZ TAYLOR'S FIGHT FOR LIFE

Continued from page 63

across the table at dinner in a swank restaurant, Mike minced no words. "Absolutely not," he said. "Just about every newspaper and magazine from Moscow to Tokyo has been after me for a marriage story, but I won't do it. I don't want our marriage reduced to the what-they-eat-for-breakfast and who-leaves-the-cap-off-the-toothpaste level. I think you can understand that."

Of course. Mike and Liz are no Average American Couple. Liz, for all her youth, is one of the most beautiful and glamorous women in the world, with all the sophistication that goes with it. Fifty-year-old Mike is one of the most successful business men in the world, with all the dignity that goes with it.

But—there was also another reason, about which Mike would—or could-not speak. It was the secret he and Liz had hid bravely for months under a show of the most glamorous high living the public had ever seen. An envious public, that did not know the truth. For who could blame the Todds for living it up, who could blame Mike for showering Liz with costly gifts and pleasures, when their lives were constantly shadowed by the knowledge that Liz' health—even her life, were in danger?

When Liz learned that the baby they both wanted so much was on the way, they were supremely happy. And there was nothing to cloud that happiness. Although Liz still suffered some pain, the operation for a spinal condition had been a complete success, and a good recovery seemed certain.

But as the Todds went on their fabulous way, a painful pattern was repeated again and again—Liz, glowing and gay one moment, seized with shattering agony the next. Mike, calling doctors frantically, and rushing his wife to the nearest hospital.

As the months passed, fear gripped their hearts—fear that the recurring pain had weakened Liz so much that the birth of her baby would be very difficult.

When the Todds cut short their Riviera stay and rushed back to New York, they tried to cover up the real reason: An alarmed Mike wanted his Liz close to the Harkness Pavilion, where they had made reservations for the delivery of the baby in October.

He acted not a moment too soon. On shipboard, Liz had the first, terrifying warnings of premature labor pains. Mike took her straight to the hospital, but the pains subsided and she was released.

They settled down in the swank Westport home, and for a few days, all was well—until the pains came on again. Another rush to the Harkness Pavilion. This time, an ominous announcement: "We will know in the next forty-eight hours whether the baby can be saved." Forty-eight hours of pain for Liz. Forty-eight hours of sleepless torture for Mike.

But again, Liz pulled through. And as soon as she felt stronger, she begged Mike to take her home. She even managed a weak "I'm all right, thank you," to a thoughtless reporter who accosted her as Mike was bundling her into his Cadillac for the trip back to Westport.

Then, the terrible nightmare that began at the dinner table. Tenderly, Mike carried his prostrate bride to a couch, then leaped to the phone. He tried to keep his voice calm as he told the doctor, "Elizabeth just collapsed at the dinner table." The doctor replied with the words that made Mike's heart sink like a lead weight in his chest: "You must bring her to the hospital immediately."

The heavy, humid air stifled him as he drove through the dark countryside, and sweat poured down his face. Still, he felt cold. Slowing down at an intersection, he turned to glance at Liz. Strange, that she looked more beautiful than ever, lying there against the pillows. He turned back, and pressed the accelerator as far as it would go. Why wouldn't the car go faster? If he could only find a motorcycle cop to give him escort. What if he couldn't make it? What if . . .

Then, the endless time of waiting, when they put Liz on a stretcher and carried her away from him. The quickstab of joy when he got the news: "She's all right now, but she must stay here until a Caesarean operation can be safely performed. It must be done at the earliest possible moment—two weeks from now."

Day and night he stayed by her side, amply rewarded for his faithful vigilance by the touch of her limp hand and the wisp of a smile. "I'll stay right here every day of those two weeks, honey," he told her.

Two days had passed . . . only two days . . . when, late at night, a sharp cry came from the darkened room, "Mike, MIKE. Please help me. *Please!*"

The rest was a blur of horror. Nurses and doctors, bustling in their starched white uniforms, whispering. "Hurry! Hurry!" Liz, moaning, white and helpless. So helpless.

Seven doctors convened to make the fateful decision: Operate immediatly. From then, through the terrible hours of waiting, there was nothing Mike Todd could do, but pray. This was a battle Elizabeth had to fight—alone.

After it was over, Mike said simply, "Liz and I are eternally grateful for the miraculous job all the doctors have done. From now on, she is going to be an extremely well and happy girl."

Now, a serious Mike talked about his plans for bringing that about. For, although he refuses to make the marriage public property, he can no more stop talking about the girl he loves so much, the girl who paid such a high price for love of him, than he can stop breathing.

"With another baby, I want Elizabeth to retire," Mike announced flatly. "She's a great actress, one of the best, but I want her to retire because there is no such thing as a happy actress and I intend to see to it that she's the happiest woman on earth."

This was a surprise! It's been known that Mike takes a dim view of Liz' continuing her career, but he had never expressed himself so strongly, nor set a definite time when he would like her to retire.

"What can a career give her that I can't?" Mike demanded. "She'll have the children. She'll have the world in her pocket with new places to see and new people to meet every day of her life." He certainly had a point.

"We already have a penthouse in New York, and my friends there. Liz has her friends in Hollywood and we will buy a house there as soon as we can find the ultra-modern one that's big enough for us, three children, and Liz' menagerie."

He chuckled. "You know, I don't like cats," he confided. "But Liz does, so we have two cats. *And* several dogs. *And* a duck, *and* whatever else has turned up in the animal line since I left this morning. Liz is probably the only girl who ever flew to New York holding a duck in her lap!"

Mike is the only man in the world who can carry on three telephone conversations and pick out a new diamond bracelet at the same time, but even he has to pause for breath once in a while. It was a good

opportunity to sound him out on the question of how Liz feels about retiring. After all, her career has meant a great deal to her. Can she leave it behind so easily? Does she want to?

"Liz isn't one of those actresses with whom the career comes first," Mike said. "She has always put a home and children before that."

His eyes clouded a bit, and his face was full of concern. "Besides, right now, her health isn't as good as it should be. I want to look after her. It's a fine task, looking after her," he added softly, with feeling.

It was obvious that if it took every one of the fifty million dollars that his hit film, "Around the World in 80 Days" is expected to make, Mike Todd would do just that.

Then he brightened, and grinned. "I have the picture of the year, the bride of the year, and the baby of the year. What man could want more?"

And what woman could want more than Liz, for whom Mike leaves no diamond unbought, no car in a show-window?

In April, the Todds, with Liz' two sons, Michael and Christopher Wilding, sailed for Europe on the Queen Elizabeth, one of the plushiest ships afloat. They were bound for the Riviera, where Mike had rented a villa. There, he said, the now-pregnant Liz could rest and relax and sun-bathe while he attended to his multitudinous business affairs.

The Villa Fiorentina is one of the most luxurious estates in the South of France. At Saint Jean Cap Ferrat, little more than a stone's throw from Monte Carlo, it has its own private dock on the blue Mediterranean, a huge swimming pool into which water from the nearby sea is perpetually pumped, acres of wooded forests dotted with stone benches along carefully manicured paths.

Along the Italian marble floors, Liz skipped happily. In the gardens, the pride and joy of the estate's owner, Lady Kenmade, she sun-bathed. Along the wooded paths she strolled with her two small sons. There was fishing, too, in the waters near the villa. There were boats of assorted sizes tied up at the Todds' pier. There was everything any girl could dream of.

Never for a moment did Todd neglect his bride in favor of the roulette wheel or the baccarat table. The slightest suggestion that Liz was tired and off they would go, with Mike driving slowly and carefully along the Grand Corniche, the winding mountain road that leads from one town to another along the Mediterranean.

From the day he took her to a New York hospital for her spinal operation, Mike has watched over Liz' health. When she became pregnant, his watchfulness was doubled. There have been doctors on call everywhere, visits to specialists, and the tiniest sign of fatigue, while they were at the villa, brought a physician post-haste from Nice.

Mike has watched, just as carefully, over her happiness. Was life at Villa Fiorentina getting dull? There would be a flying trip to Paris—for a party, or for shopping.

And what shopping! Just a few short blocks from the George V Hotel in Paris, within walking distance even for a lady in a "delicate condition," are the salons of Dior and Balenciaga, where Liz had only to utter an enraptured "oooh" to acquire a new gown. A short ride away is the Rue de la Paix, with its shops filled with furs and jewels and perfumes. Liz bought and bought. Mike bought and bought. As one man-about-Paris quipped, "The only French phrase Liz knows is 'Van Cleef and Arpels.'"

Liz and Mike flew up to Paris to attend the auctioning of Aly Khan's collection of modern French paintings. A moody self-portrait by Degas aroused Liz' interest. Mike bought it—and two other paintings—

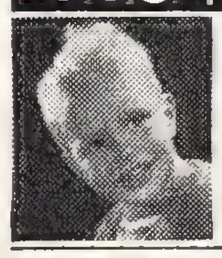


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and immediately wrote a check for $30,000.

"They'll think I'm crazy when they hear about this in Hollywood," he said to Aly Khan, "to pay that much money for pictures that don't even move."

Mike grinned broadly when questioned about Liz' luxury diet. "Look," he explained, "a good friend of mine just collared me and told me he thought Liz might be getting a little spoiled. I told him and I'll tell you that I've never had so much fun spoiling anybody and I intend to keep it this way."

So it was Nice . . . London . . . Paris . . . with new gowns, new furs, new jewels. At the Villa Fiorentina Liz had not closets, but rooms, filled with fabulous clothes.

Visitors came—saw—and gasped.

Liz' father and mother spent a few weeks with their daughter, saw the sights from the window of a Rolls Royce, and admired the beautiful villa, with its rare furniture, over which Liz' three poodles gamboled. Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher were there, wide-eyed over the pool with its modern dressing rooms and the sun room where Liz kept her canaries. And Michael Wilding arrived for a visit.

"And why not?" said Todd. "Sure, I invited him. It's natural that a guy wants to see his own kids. He's a nice guy and I like him. Where else do you want him to stay? In a hotel, maybe, when we have that big villa?"

The months at Cap Ferrat were quiet ones—by Todd standards. Because of Liz' recent operation, and her pregnancy, they gave only one big party. That was during the film festival and their guest list would have made a blue-book of the V.I.P.'s in attendance.

There was, of course, the opening of Mike's "Around the World in 80 Days" in Paris, where Liz was, as usual, a sensation in a yellow tulle evening dress—and the new jewel which Mike adds to her collection before each premiere.

And in London, there was the party to end all parties which Mike threw for "2500 intimate friends" following the premiere. For this shindig, Liz had a new Dior chiffon, ruby red, with a new necklace and earrings of rubies and diamonds to match.

"Mike bought it for me on his birthday," Liz explained.

Todd, having taken a good look at the jewels worn by the Duchess of Kent, cracked: "Liz will probably throw hers in the Thames tomorrow."

It was a dream affair, except for one incident that might have turned it into a nightmare, when a guest bumped into a table, which struck Liz in the stomach. Furious Mike kept his temper, grasping the man by the shoulders and growling, "My wife is pregnant. Please be a gentleman." But this might well have caused the serious premature labor pains that sent Liz into the hospital in New York.

Only a week before the premiere, the Todds had been photographed at the London airport in the midst of a heated argument. Mike had been late. . . . They had missed their plane to Nice. . . . Mike had chartered a plane but wanted to stop over in Paris . . . Liz wanted to go direct to Nice. "Todds Tiffing," the headlines had blazed.

The night of the London premiere there were rumors of another quarrel.

"Sure we had a fight," says Todd. "A real good one. Better than the fight at the airport. . . .

"You see, I love my wife, and I wanted to protect her. I didn't want her to walk up and down stairs and bow to a lot of dukes and duchesses at the opening.

"You see, she was a little pregnant and I have to look out for her.

"I wish every couple could have fights like we do," he said later. "You fight and make up and you're more in love. But seriously, the most I could wish for any friend of mine would be to be as happy as Liz and I are."

"Neither of us is inhibited," explained Liz. "We simply speak freely to each other. The really important thing is that we happen to love each other."

Just as Todd gave in after the quarrel at the London airport, and lost the bout to keep Liz from the London premiere of his picture, he's softened a bit on her movie-making, after all.

"If Liz wants to make a picture now and then," he said later, "it's all right. As a matter of fact, I want her to play *Dulcinea* in 'Don Quixote' for me. But an actress with a real career has no time to look after the man she loves. If she tries to do this, struggle as she may, she isn't going to be as great as she used to be—and she doesn't like it.

"Liz is basically a woman," he went on, as he expanded on the subject he refuses to talk about, "very wholesome and with a quality of warmth that's wonderful. In fact, she's so wonderful that she's unbelievable. But I'm older than Elizabeth. I've grown up, acquired some wisdom, and I plan a life full enough to keep both of us busy and interested."

And Elizabeth Taylor Todd, with a sample of the fabulous, fairy-tale life as Mike's wife behind her, continues to say, "I like it. I like it."

What girl wouldn't? THE END

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STARS HOLLYWOOD COULDN'T BEAT

Continued from page 64

young men in Hollywood, New York, and, finding no one to fill the bill, back in Hollywood again. After almost a year, he threw up his hands, announced "It'll be either Lew Ayres or Richard Carlson," and sat down in despair.

Meanwhile, a William Franklin Beedle, Jr., had arrived at Pasadena Drama School from O'Fallon, Ill. After graduation, he was signed by Paramount to a beginner's contract (about $50 per week then), went through a name change to William Holden, and did nothing. Mamoulian was also casting for the sister in "Golden Boy" and asked to see some tests. One of them featured a girl named Margaret Young—and Bill Holden. After a brief interview, Mamoulian had his "Golden Boy."

Cast with Barbara Stanwyck and Adolphe Menjou in his very first film, Bill hadn't the foggiest notion of what to do or how to go about doing it. But Mamoulian worked with him night and day, and Barbara Stanwyck, giving him tips and advice, gently guided him into various camera positions.

At the conclusion of the picture Bill paid tribute to her, stating, "I could not have succeeded without her help." It was the kind of thanks expected from a novice by an established star, and it sounded nice. It still does. For on the first day's shooting of every Stanwyck picture, the actress receives a bouquet—perpetual gratitude in memory of the days when a star helped a struggling newcomer, and perhaps made the difference between success and failure for him.

Paramount saw they had a good thing and for the next twelve years shared Holden's contract with Columbia. He was one of Hollywood's hottest new properties, and this sort of thing kept up until his enlistment in the Army.

In 1945, after four years service, Bill was discharged and eager to resume his career. "All I want to do is work," he announced vigorously, "I've come back with more ambition than ever." The next five years certainly proved that. Bill did just about everything: comedies ("Dear Ruth" and "Dear Wife"); westerns ("The Man from Colorado" and "Streets of Laredo"); dramas ("Blaze of Noon" and "The Dark Past"); comedy-dramas ("Apartment for Peggy" and "Rachel and the Stranger"). His range included a veteran, a frontiersman, a gunslinger and a psychopathic killer. And—with all of his background to draw on—when his biggest break came, he was ready for it.

Director Billy Wilder had a story about Hollywood in mind. He phoned Bill, asked him to come over and together they discussed the central male character: a script writer named *Joe Gillis* who has fallen on hard times and allows himself to be kept by a faded old has-been.

"I want that part," Bill told Wilder, "if it means cutting my right arm off up to here!" The sacrifice was unnecessary—he got the part.

The picture was "Sunset Boulevard," and it covered everyone with glory, not least of all William Holden. The jump from genial leading man to first-rate actor was now complete. He lost in a close Oscar race that year, only to win three years later with "Stalag 17."

Since "Sunset Boulevard," there's been an unbroken string of hits—"Born Yesterday," "Executive Suite," "Sabrina," "The Country Girl" and "Picnic," to name a few. Last year he turned producer with "Toward the Unknown," still another hit.

The urge to be versatile, coupled with a willingness to explore and experiment, is another mark of the indestructibles. It varies with each, but a prime example is James Cagney.

Cagney was making a modest name for himself in Hollywood until 1931's "Public Enemy." For that picture, director William A. Wellman figured that one scene would be improved enormously if Jimmy smacked Mae Clarke full in the puss with a nice, juicy grapefruit.

Things were never the same after that. Jimmy was placed in a succession of films playing more or less one role—a strutting, arrogant, cocky little punk.

Warners gave Jimmy a western—"The Oklahoma Kid"—and, in flickers like "The Fighting 69th" and "Each Dawn I Die," he graduated from punk to hero. But blood and thunder were the basic ingredients, and that's the way things stayed. Until 1942.

In that year Jimmy gave a performance as George M. Cohan in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" that was nothing short of astonishing. The cock-of-the-walk formula fitted naturally into the Cohan characterization, but with it went a generous portion of fine acting. In addition, the actor sang and tap-danced as if he'd been doing it all his life. (Actually, he'd done a bit of hoofing as a vaudeville chorus boy and female impersonator at age 19.) An Oscar was the result.

But Jimmy didn't push this success, as he might have. So by 1955, more people than now care to remember had consigned him to the scrap heap of Hollywood's once glorious relics. What Jimmy did two years ago was to give as unique a demonstration of versatility as any film actor ever gave in one year anywhere. . . .

In "Mister Roberts," a hilarious comic performance as the captain; in "Run for Cover," a crackling western portrayal; in "The Seven Little Foys," a guest shot as George M. Cohan in an amazingly agile song-and-dance exhibition, and in "Love Me or Leave Me," what may well have been the finest performance of his career.

At this writing, some previewers are saying that Jimmy can scarcely miss an Oscar nomination for his performance in "Man of a Thousand Faces," U-I film based on the life of Lon Chaney. "Astonishing," noted one critic.

James Cagney and the other indestructibles are champions—always. In a business where the cynical "You're only as good as your last picture" has been flipped around too freely for too long, it bears thinking about.

Actor Henry Fonda, unlike Cagney, once wanted no part of Hollywood. But as leading light of six films made within the past three years—a currently unheard-of situation among stars of his rank—there obviously have been some changes made.

After almost ten years of starvation and disappointment incredible even for an actor ("I've lived in some of the dirtiest dumps in New York City," Hank once remarked), success came in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," and Hollywood was hot on the trail. Longtime pal Leland Hayward, then his agent, went into a huddle with producer Walter Wanger. But the first wire to Hank met with an abrupt refusal.

Several wires later, Hayward got Hank on the phone and the two thrashed the matter out in a long, explosive session that ended in compromise. Hank agreed to fly to Hollywood, to stay there for any amount of time he liked—all at Wanger's expense—"just to talk things over." Secretly, Hank figured he had an ace in

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the hole. If pressed too closely on the matter, he could always drive his salary demands so fantastically high—say, to $350 per week—that the conversation would end then and there.

The conference was like the phone conversation all over again, except that Wanger was there to push *his* side of the argument. Finally, the producer offered Hank a term contract with a few months off each year to work on the stage. Seeing no way out, Hank made ready to play his trump, when Wanger blandly inserted, "I am willing to pay you $1,000 a week—if that is all right with you." As Hank later recalled, everything went blank, but he later learned he'd said "Yes," and the contract was signed.

Fifteen films later—after establishing something of a record for on-set accidents (both eyes blacked, a self-inflicted hand-stab and a wrenched leg, among other things)—Hank was still not too happy about films. Then Darryl F. Zanuck put him under contract, and a succession of fat roles was lined up for Hank, one of which was, as "Young Mr. Lincoln," directed by a man named John Ford. Their next film together was "The Grapes of Wrath."

For "The Grapes of Wrath," everyone gave of his best. Long before it was in completed form, they knew they had something special. What eventually emerged was a film that, for honesty and artistry, has few peers. And there were other top talents to work for—William A. Wellman on the unforgettable "Ox-Bow Incident," and Preston Sturges for "The Lady Eve," a comic gem that still leaves audiences helpless with laughter.

After discharge from wartime naval service, Hank ran right into the problem that faced other actors returning to pick up their careers: how to find the right roles and regain pre-war popularity. Three years after his return, Leland Hayward offered him the play script of "Mister Roberts," and Hank jumped at the chance.

The sensational success of "Mister Roberts" is recent enough to make additional comment unnecessary. But just to prove that it was no one-time thing, Hank went into two more stage hits: "Point of No Return" and "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial." Critical hurrahs resounded.

The Warner version of "Mister Roberts" marked Hank's return to film-making. Since then, there have been: the spectacular "War and Peace," for which he recently received an award at the Berlin Film Festival; Hitchcock's "The Wrong Man"; the excellent "12 Angry Men" and the forthcoming "The Tin Star" and "Stage Struck."

Barbara Stanwyck has probably taken it on the chin as often as anyone. Undoubtedly what has saved her from breakdown on a good many occasions is a singular gift for looking at a person or a situation with utter frankness and honesty. She has been many things—twice divorced, four times an Oscar nominee but never a winner, and, lately, the victim of some remarkably poor pictures.

She was born Ruby Stevens and came up the hard way in humble Brooklyn surroundings—a fact she never tried to gloss over, not even in the days when exotic phony studio biographies were all the rage. She made a hit on Broadway in "Burlesque," and entered Hollywood on the arm of actor-husband Frank Fay. A run of quickie flickers was her lot, but being Mrs. Fay was the important thing, until Frank Capra offered her a role in "Ladies of Leisure."

Along with the role came the standard summons to test for it. Barbara, who had been through all of this any number of times, wearily declined. "No more of those damn tests" was her reply. Capra sympathized and gave her the role anyway. It was the beginning of a career that soon saw her take a place among Hollywood's top femme stars. Fay grew increasingly unhappy about this, and they were divorced in 1936. That same year she met Robert Taylor at a Hollywood party. After a courtship of three years, they eloped. Everyone began calling it the "perfect marriage," something subsequently revealed as the surest kiss of death for any marital union.

In 1937, she made her first unsuccessful Oscar bid with "Stella Dallas." ("I was so sure I'd get it," was the typically forthright Stanwyck comment.) In 1941's "Ball of Fire" she turned torrid, won another Academy nod. Sex appeal was plentifully evident in "Lady of Burlesque" and again in 1944's excellent "Double Indemnity," which brought her a third nomination. ("I'm like Crosby's horses," she quipped at the time, "always in the running.")

"Sorry, Wrong Number" nine years ago gave her the meatiest role of her career and Stanwyck played it for all it was worth. It was her fourth, and strongest, try for an Oscar. From then until 1954's "Executive Suite" (in which, as one of ten stars, she took fourth billing), she made a succession of average films. Since then, she has had nothing remotely worthy of her. Her upcoming film, 20th Century-Fox's "Forty Guns," may change her luck.

This brings us to the end of our study of the Hollywood indestructibles—filmdom's all-time champions. Other names might have been included but for one thing or another. Foremost among them is Charles Chaplin, whose work in Hollywood was his greatest, but who chose to turn his back on the town in favor of political vagaries and exile.

And Greta Garbo—who saw her great talent submerged (with two exceptions) in vehicles unworthy of her, made one disastrous flop and said goodbye—a farewell the world still refuses to believe is final. High-strung and sensitive Luise Rainer, who became the first two-time Academy Award-winning star, subsequently fled from Hollywood—never to return.

Lovely Norma Shearer, whom Dorothy Kilgallen once saluted as "the most gracious of the stars—never loses her poise, her good temper, or her amiable radiant smile." After top performances had made her Hollywood's first lady, Norma suffered personal tragedy, later remarried and slipped into retirement.

Fredric March, who has left movies temporarily for his greatest role on Broadway in "Long Day's Journey Into Night."

Paul Muni, who established a brilliant career in Hollywood, then left it to win fresh laurels on the stage. Pert Jean Arthur, whose wonderfully droll little voice and expert comic timing are still appreciated whenever she makes an all-too-rare film appearance. Claudette Colbert, Loretta Young, Irene Dunne, Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine, Rosalind Russell and Jane Wyman—feminine titans all—who have not been really active in movies for some time. And a champion only death could beat: Humphrey Bogart.

As for those periodic bleatings about "Who will replace the 'greats' when they're gone?"—ignore them. Bette Davis announced she intends to go right on acting—in a wheelchair, if necessary. Pressed for statements, the others would probably come up with similar sentiments. They like what they're doing, and have been at it long enough to have become quite good at it. They are on top and they intend to stay there. Movie fans the world over wouldn't want it any other way. THE END

This is the concluding article of a three-part series.

CAN AN ACTOR STAY GOOD?

Continued from page 80

But there may be other problems which he cannot cope with so easily. And what of the temptations that go with stardom and mounting material success? Won't they make the decisions tougher, and the challenge greater?

Pat answers honestly, "I don't know. So far I haven't found it to be that way. I may be wrong, but as I look to the future, it seems to me that the higher you go, and the bigger position you get in, the more you can dictate your own movements.

"The pressure's on when you're just coming up. That's when it's rough in any business. If a fellow has certain principles and ideals that would prevent him from doing certain things he's called on to do because they might help him in his career, that's when he has to decide which is more important—a career or his faith and his conscience and his personal integrity. That's when he has to come to grips with himself and decide what his faith really means to him," Pat points out.

He admits, "There have been a few minor—and I guess maybe a few major—decisions to make along the way—"

From the day he entered show business, Pat Boone has turned down any offers for television shows or personal appearances, no matter how lucrative, where the show or rehearsal would have made it impossible for him to attend church "at least once on Sunday."

And from the beginning—he's ruled out sponsorship of TV shows by any products he couldn't conscientiously sell, no matter how golden the budget or the seeming future.

"There was one in particular," Pat recalls. "I was offered my own show with a big budget immediately following 'The $64,000 Question' on the same network. You know, that means there's a big audience left over from that show, and if you grab a tight hold, maybe you'll have a good chance to keep them with you half an hour. And that would have been a great thing. But the show was sponsored by a cigarette company and I personally didn't feel I could conscientiously advertise cigarettes—since I don't smoke myself and I don't feel it's a healthy thing."

Still, this was so tempting that Pat weakened. He told the agency there was one possible way he could do the show. With restrictions. Telling viewers something to the effect, "I don't smoke, and I don't think you should smoke—but if you're *going* to smoke—why not smoke the best?"

Thinking that over, the agency decided such a novel approach just might sell cigarettes. Immediately, Pat saw that, for him, this was wrong. He says, "I thought, 'well, if it does sell cigarettes, it will be defeating my own purpose.' So I had to tell them I wouldn't do it."

He never takes a drink, although be believes he could take one in moderation and, like others, he would enjoy it. But as Pat says, "There are many religious people who believe it's wrong and who might not believe I'm sincere in my religion if I did it—and I'd rather not." More important, he feels, is the possible influence on teenagers. "Some of them are just not physically or emotionally equipped to handle a drink, and if my influence was responsible for even leading just one of them toward that, it would be too heavy a price to pay for any enjoyment I might get out of it."

Pat's stand on drinking was not put to the test until he made "Bernardine." One scene called for his father to offer him his first drink, by way of celebrating a family event. "I was just a high school senior in the picture, and I objected to that scene," Pat says. "I thought it didn't seem right for a father to offer his teenage son a drink of whisky. The studio was nice about it. They saw my point and changed the scene."

Pat weighed another one involving a boyish escapade in which he was to order a beer for a pal who was also underage. "I questioned this at first—just because I wouldn't do something like that myself. However, when I play a part in a movie I'm playing somebody else, not Pat Boone. And in the scene it was made very plain the movie didn't condone it, that the boys were doing something they weren't supposed to do.

"If I'm going to be in movies, I've got to decide whether I won't play a character who does things I wouldn't do personally or not," Pat goes on. "For the moment at least, although I may change my mind later, I've decided playing a character is a lot different."

Whatever Pat Boone's decisions, his religious background makes him an unusual target for well-intentioned criticism and advice. This he appreciates, but it can be confusing, and thus make his position more difficult.

"People do consider me a religious person, interested in my own soul and my influence, and this puts me in the position of being watched carefully. Since some take one view and some another, I'm bound not to be able to please everybody. I'll just try—as nearly as I can—to do the right thing—act according to my own conscience."

The faith of which Pat says, "It's the foundation for everything I do," was early inspired by the teachings and the example of Pat's parents. His deeply religious father, Archie Boone, a study in calm strength and quiet authority. His mother, attractive, energetic Margaret Boone, of whom Pat says, "Mama is inexhaustible."

"Theirs is the kind of influence I want to have on my own children," Pat says warmly now. His father is a deacon in the Church Of Christ in Nashville. As for his mother, "From the time I was six weeks old, my mother carried me to church. She went regularly, taking three babies with her then—my brother, Nick, my sister, Marge, and me. I don't know how she managed. Sometimes Shirley and I can't do it with our three and we have somebody to help us!"

When he was twelve years old Pat was baptized and by the time he was fifteen, he was leading the singing for a congregation at "Pegram Station—a very small place."

During the important teen years, Pat Boone's sense of religious and moral values was further inspired by Mack Craig, a minister of the Church Of Christ and principal of David Lipscomb High, whose accomplishments and humble Christian qualities were influential in making Pat vow his own life must have purpose and value that would last. There in high school he also met the pretty girl whose faith and courage throughout the future would reflect and strengthen Pat's when he needed it most.

"Since I can remember—I've always tried to weigh and decide what's right," says Pat. "Not that I haven't made a lot of mistakes. And not that I haven't occasionally done things I knew were wrong. Everybody does. But at least in making big decisions I knew would affect my future life, I've always tried to decide the right thing, and the most useful thing to do. When Shirley and I eloped, we felt we were meant for each other. The Scripture says, 'For this cause—a man shall

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leave his father and mother—and cleave unto his wife.'"

Because it seemed "right," three months after their marriage, they broke away from all family ties, loaded their belongings into an old Chevrolet Pat had bought from his dad, and headed for the little town of Denton, Texas, where Mark Craig's cousin had a chinchilla ranch. Pat planned to work there, sing wherever he could, and attend North Texas State Teachers' College.

"We felt we should be on our own. We were in love—we had blind faith," he says now.

As for the pretty girl riding beside him down the highway into the unknown—their first child on the way—there was no doubt. No fear.

"Pat was my faith," Shirley says now. "I told my Daddy, no matter what Pat decided to do—I knew he would make it. But then, I don't know anybody who didn't have faith in him. I know Daddy felt the same way—"

So did Randy Wood, head of Dot Records, a little later. When he gambled on Pat—and two records turned into smash hits—there was another day of serious decision for Pat Boone. One of a pattern of many. In their little house in Denton one August day two years ago, before Pat Boone winged East to join Arthur Godfrey's television cast—Pat and Shirley talked.

Now there was much to be weighed. He could finish at Columbia University and still teach. But another possible future had opened up out of the sky. An unlimited future stretching from Broadway to Hollywood.

Concerned always about "the useful thing"—what he could do that would live—teaching seemed the answer. There was a touch of the immortal there—a man giving of himself to others, influencing young minds, giving knowledge and values which might live on through them.

An entertainer's audience could number millions. If he were successful he could give materially and morally and spiritually—and live on through those qualities. But a successful entertainer could belong in part to that public too. What if the demands of that world were too many? In the spotlight, every word, every deed, every decision—would be magnified many times. What if—?

A whole new challenging future—perhaps too challenging—

"We were concerned," as Shirley says now. "We knew it was going to be a double row to hoe—doubly hard. And Pat wanted members of the church and religious people everywhere to have confidence in him, to know he would uphold his religion."

There would be many of all faiths to whom show business represented too many demands and temptations. And to whom Hollywood would mean the mecca of all that was worldly . . .

There would be many—to whom the world of entertainment was so foreign—who would never realize just how many Christians worked therein. The devoutness of their faith—and how monumental the good they do . . .

There could be those among their own faith who might question Pat Boone's wisdom in becoming part of that world—and question the strength of his own faith . . .

Pat Boone made his decision. He flew East—and the rightness of that decision—a good omen—again seemed to come right out of the sky.

"Pat was scheduled to go to Philadelphia for the dedication of a new television station. He was making an appearance in Chicago, and catching a plane immediately afterward for Philadelphia. In Philadelphia there was a terrible storm. The station was demolished, four persons were killed and twenty-nine injured. I thought Pat was there—he had expected to be."

That first agonizing hour, she could find out nothing. There was no trace of Pat. He'd left Chicago. There was no word of him in Philadelphia. When they connected "Pat was in New York with Randy Wood—he'd missed the plane—

"Then," says Shirley, "I felt the Lord was with Pat, that there was a place for him."

Of Shirley's place in that future, and how her being of his faith helps, Pat Boone says, "Shirley's just—invaluable. I don't see how it would be possible for somebody to really hang on to his faith and make it a working thing in his life without the cooperation of his wife—because eventually there's a wear and pull and tug on you.

"It's like the Scripture says, 'Leave behind the weights that so easily beset you—and press on,'" Pat goes on. "I think that means to leave behind you—to cut out of your life—all things that make it hard for you to live a clean wholesome life—a Christian life. It's hard enough to do this anyway, but with a lot of hindrances—carrying extra weight—it would be much harder. A wife who cooperates and helps and strengthens you—makes it that much easier. Shirley feels and believes the same way I do and therefore my decisions have been that much easier."

As for any possible "weights" that beset Pat now—or in that future—Shirley's faith is with Pat's all the way. "Pat's already been challenged in many ways—and he's come out on top," she observes quietly. Adding, "I think whatever Pat does—he will feel is right. And if he doesn't feel it's right—he'll quit the business before he will do it."

"I get letters from members of all churches and all faiths who are concerned whether I will hang on to my own belief," Pat says now. "Letters from people who think of show business being—too worldly, you know. I appreciate people of every faith praying for me and being interested in my spiritual welfare. This is a very humbling thing. More than that even—it makes me want to be sure I don't disappoint."

For Pat Boone's faith is his real future.

"I figure unless I'm of use to others—then I will be a failure. No matter how much money I make or anything. You only live once and it's a short time at most. People forget about you pretty soon. Unless you've left something worthwhile—unless you've helped other people—and unless you've left a good influence that will live on in other people's lives—then pretty soon you're really dead. But if you've left something worthwhile and lasting for other people—then you live on."

With this goal Pat Boone takes a confident view of the way ahead.

"I don't think it will be any harder in motion pictures or the entertainment field than it would be in almost any other field—except perhaps teaching or any kind of religious work. Not that there won't be a lot of temptations—but I think there are just as many chances to neglect faith and religion in any business."

The answer is knowing where you stand—and staying there. "Once you've made up your own mind to do something, it's half-done then. If you have certain ideals and principles and you're solid and firm about these things, as each thing comes up—each problem, each decision—then your decision's already half-made . . . and it isn't too hard."

And if that day should come when he can't do his job in show business in accordance with his own beliefs—if he finds he can't have fame and keep his faith—that decision's made too. As Pat Boone puts it, he'll "just step aside." THE END

WE MADE HIM A STAR

Continued from page 47

novelette" John Saxon explains today. ". . . A kind of off-beat shocker on delinquency called 'Street-Corner Girl.'"

When Fred Sammis, then editorial director of Photoplay and other Macfadden magazines, was shown the color-photo transparencies of John, he says, "I realized immediately that the boy had a photographic quality which could be just as good in movies as in stills. I had the transparencies airmailed out to Photoplay's coast office, marked for Henry Willson, the same agent who sent Rock Hudson and Tab Hunter on to fame. Willson called me within a day and said he was interested. 'I like his face,' he explained. 'There's a troubled, hungry look that might come across on the screen. What do you think of him, Fred?' he asked me. 'He has an animal brooding look,' I agreed. 'A sort of sullen Tony Curtis.'"

Within a week, Carmen Orrico was discussing a Hollywood contract.

Carmen took his first screen test in New York. But there was only one hitch: He was not yet eighteen, legally under age. So he had to stay on in New York and continue his studies for six months, finishing high school.

"When Mr. Willson called from Hollywood," John admits frankly, "I didn't know if someone was playing a gag or not. I was too flustered to realize what he was saying. 'Send the contract along,' I managed to get out, 'and I'll show it to my folks.'"

The atmosphere around the Orrico family dinner table that evening was a mixed one. Carmen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Orrico, were thoughtful; the two younger sisters, Delores and Julie, overwhelmed. ("If Carmen goes to Hollywood, maybe he can get us Marlon Brando's autograph!") Nobody ate.

Mrs. Orrico was worried about Carmen's being an actor. "She was afraid I'd be disappointed and hurt," he explains. She knew her only son was quiet and sensitive. Everything in Hollywood would be new and strange. He wouldn't know anyone, not even Henry Willson, whom he'd only talked to on the phone.

As she sat at dinner, Mrs. Orrico's thoughts skimmed back to when Carmen was thirteen. He'd talked the sixteen-year-old boys into letting him join their Ty Cobb Baseball Team. He was the youngest and the smallest—the butt of their jokes, the work-horse for their whims. Her heart still almost stopped when she remembered how an older boy had found Carmen bending over, tying his shoe in front of a locker, and had picked him up, turned him upside down, and locked him in the metal compartment for ten minutes. Fortunately, some of his friends had heard his cries and helped get him out.

Hollywood, however, was something else. Of course, he was growing up—he was seventeen. Yet, like all mothers, she worried. He would be away from home for the first time, trying for a highly competitive career. Who was there to offer a helping hand?

Mr. Orrico, a hard-working painter and contractor, was more practical about his son's career. "If you want to be an actor," he advised, "don't spend your time daydreaming while waiting for the agent to phone. Learn your craft."

The contract arrived from Henry Willson, and the Orricos, who had to sign it since Carmen was still under age, considered it long and seriously before doing so. Finally they did, and Carmen promptly enrolled in a drama course at New York's Carnegie Hall.

"The boy used to come up to the office for advice during this time," Fred Sammis explains. "It had all happened so suddenly that he was frankly quite bewildered."

"When I look back on that period, I realize I didn't have any dogged determination to make acting my life's work," John Saxon now admits. "All I know is, I had a curiosity and an intense desire to learn."

Fate and Mr. Sammis were to cooperate in making acting Carmen's life work, for in January, 1954, "Street-Corner Girl" was published. The caption under Carmen's picture read: "Raf would die if I didn't get help. There was no one to turn to but the cops—and they were looking for us, guns in hand." And Carmen, portraying Raf, carried the job off beautifully.

When the magazine came out, all Carmen's neighborhood buddies in Brooklyn began razzing: "Here comes the celebrity!" "Yoo-hoo, how does it feel to be a hero?" "Look at Carmen, boy model!" They held their stomachs as they choked with laughter.

But across the country the tune was different. Suddenly, within a few days after the issue appeared on the newsstands, the offices of True Story were flooded with fan mail of a sort they had never received: stacks of letters demanding to know: "Who's the boy on page 37?" Letters and cards jammed the editorial mail bags, begging for information on an *unidentified male model!* "Tell us about him!" "Can we start a fan club?" "Where does he live?" "How old is he?" Reaction of this kind, to a model, rather than to a story, was practically unheard of, said the magazine's editors.

Now Carmen's mere curiosity developed into full-flamed interest. His burst of popularity had given him needed confidence, and he went at his drama lessons with a vengeance. The first to arrive for a lesson, he was almost always the last to leave. He became so absorbed in trying to improve that he'd often wake up in the middle of the night and find himself repeating his diction exercises.

Two months later, the day arrived that Mrs. Orrico had worried about, that Carmen had wondered about and feared. Willson wired that now would be the time to come to Hollywood.

"The morning I left New York, the temperature dropped to thirty-two degrees," says John. "At the last minute everyone was helping me pack. My mother insisted I wear an overcoat, my sister found my rubbers and made me promise to wear them, while my father handed me my plane tickets. It was my first trip away from home, as well as my first flight."

The boy tried not to look bewildered when the plane taxied to a stop at Los Angeles' International Airport and he walked down the ramp. It was easy for his agent to spot him. "He was the only passenger wearing an overcoat and carrying rubbers," Willson laughs. "The mercury was bubbling at ninety-six!"

Willson, seeing the boy was nervous and exhausted, asked him to dinner and discovered John hadn't been able to eat in twenty-four hours. Pulling his convertible up to the nearest restaurant, he predicted: "There are going to be lots of steaks in your future!"

Carmen beamed. But his face clouded minutes later, when, over steaks, Willson continued in a more serious vein, ". . . But what's *not* going to remain in your future is *Carmen Orrico.*"

He reacted instantly to Carmen's puzzled



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expression. "This change we're making immediately. Your real name, *Carmen Orrico,*" he insisted, "is too hard to pronounce. We want something that is easy to say and remember." Willson, noted for thinking up *Rock, Tab* and *Rory* dubbings, suddenly beamed. "That's it!" He snapped his fingers. "*Rip Saxon.* How does that sound?"

It didn't sound right. Although he was excited, Carmen wasn't too awed by his sudden success to speak up when he felt strongly about something. "It's not for me," he said, digging his heels deep. "I think *John* would be better."

"But there are thousands of *Johns,* and only one *Rip,*" the agent countered.

Carmen knew he had enough hurdles to jump as a newcomer without the burden and ribbing caused by an unusual or phony-sounding name. "I remain firm," he maintained. And John Saxon was the compromise.

"Johnny was the most eager client an agent could handle," Willson says.

"I had to be," John recalls. "I had only enough money to stay in Hollywood three weeks. If I didn't attract attention in that time, I had to go home."

The three-week deadline worked out to the day. First, he was taken to 20th, then to U-I, where they tested him. "I did the love scene from 'Picnic,' and everyone seemed to like it. But it wasn't until the last day, when my money had dwindled to a few dollars, that they offered me a seven-year contract!

"Before I signed, I sent the pact back to my folks. I also explained about my name change. A few days later, they returned the papers, along with an identification bracelet with *John Saxon* engraved on it. It was their way of letting me know they were rooting for me."

But the rock 'n' roll merry-go-round John had been on suddenly slowed to a waltz, and finally to a thud. For eighteen months, he reported regularly to the studio for a drama lesson, but never once for a movie role.

"I thought I'd go nuts," John is ready to admit. "I'd go home, eat dinner, study and sit and brood."

And then he met artist Mark Edens, another transplanted New Yorker.

"We didn't start out as buddies," Edens recalls. "I was working in the expressionist school of painting, and John couldn't understand why a face I'd paint shouldn't always look like a conventional face. In fact, we hardly exchanged hellos until we got into an argument one day. From the debate, I suddenly realized he wasn't being stubborn but was eager to learn.

"Many times when I'd have a group of friends over, we'd sit around and talk until four in the morning," Edens continues. "Gradually, John edged from the fringe of the conversation into the middle of it."

Frequently, at these hashing sessions, spontaneous entertainment would suddenly erupt. Occasionally, the late James Dean would act out a Midwest epic in which he played all the roles from the shy schoolboy to the cracker-barrel philosopher. Others would do improvisations, and John would do vignettes about his native Brooklyn and the various nationalities that lived in his neighborhood.

In the meantime, Jess Kimmel, head of talent development at U-I, was assisting John at the studio. He used a firm hand, a non-kid-glove treatment. "For eighteen months," Kimmel says, "Johnny saw young players, signed much later than he, get role after role, while he seemingly stood still. With no part to bolster his confidence, he could never accept himself as an actor. Even after almost two years in Hollywood, Johnny hadn't gotten past the 'don't call us' stage. He was discouraged."

John was never self-charmed by the fact that he was under contract. "He had to be kept busy," Kimmel confided. "So, in the months that followed, I had him do everything from interviewing Jose Ferrer, playing a fifteen-year-old, reciting Shakespeare and portraying the sensual hero in 'The Girl on the Via Flaminia.'" The only interruption in the routine took place when John was given a bit part in "Running Wild."

"I wanted to stretch his talent and imagination, and when the part of the bewildered boy opposite Esther Williams in 'The Unguarded Moment' came along, I saw: 'He's the one to play it.'"

But to the director, producer and star, John was an unknown quantity. They insisted on testing six name players. John won the role, though.

Kimmel's confidence was more than rewarded in the praise notices from the critics. When "The Unguarded Moment" was finally shown, the fan clubs were pouring in mail, bombarding the studio and jamming the magazine mail bags: "Please tell us about John Saxon!" The studio caught surprised, searched around for other pictures but couldn't find any!

Johnny, however, was taking all the attention in his stride, reporting to classes regularly. "I'm glad I did," he grins. "That's where I met Gia Scala."

The Italian beauty had just arrived in Hollywood as one of the finalists in the world-wide search for someone to play Mary Magdalene. When they met in class, John greeted her in Italian. "It was like a touch of home," Gia says. "I'd seen Johnny the minute I entered the room. With his unruly dark hair and thick black eyelashes, who could miss him? 'Who is that good-looking boy?' I asked one of the other kids."

From then on they were friends.

"We'd use our Italian as a secret signal," Gia laughs. "At a boring party, Johnny would mumble a few romantic-sounding Italian phrases, really meaning, 'Shall we get out of here?'" And they'd leave.

At this point, John and Gia are much too career-minded to take their dates seriously. And so Johnny's name has also been linked with Susan Kohner, Vicki Thal, Helen McCormick and Luana Patten from time to time. As John explains, "I get much too upset over career problems to take on marriage now."

However, he does have definite ideas on the type of girl he wants for a wife. "Not the aggressive kind," he states flatly. "Naturally, I don't expect her to agree with everything I do, but still I hope she'll be intuitive enough to understand my right to do it. Of course, my fiancée should have outside interests, but when we are married—" he continues, his dark eyes flashing, "then we should share a world of our own. That's the way it's been with my folks—and they've been married twenty-four years."

John, whose parents are of the Catholic faith, was raised in an atmosphere of love and understanding, where there was a close relationship between all members of the family. He has had his salary prorated so he gets a check fifty-two weeks a year instead of the usual forty. That way each pay day he banks a certain portion, so he can eventually bring his parents, sisters and grandmother to California.

When the Orricos do come to Hollywood, they'll find several changes in their son. He expresses himself more freely. He's read everything from Freud to treatises on yoga. His face has firmed from an inexperienced teenager's to a purposeful adult's. Emotionally, although still not demonstrative, he isn't afraid to speak up for what he admires.

"When I came to Hollywood," he confirms, "I had only six months of dramatic training and knew no one in show business." Now he's made it, has had his contract rewritten, receives star billing and drew almost as much fan mail as Sal Mineo from their film "Rock, Pretty Baby." John looks forward anxiously to his next picture, "Summer Love." This breeds self-satisfaction—something his folks have already noticed.

"But he's wearing his success well," says his father. Happiness is written right on John's face these days, whether he's riding down a Hollywood avenue in his red MG with its rear window sign that reads "Built in Africa by ants," or discussing his next movie. He shows it in his big smile and friendliness and cooperation.

He's not mastered, though, the knack of feeling completely at ease with people and in situations. When upset, he still lapses into Italian, still has the New Yorker gait—seven paces ahead of the leisurely Californian. He still has an unrelenting individuality, which sometimes works to his own disadvantage.

An example of one of his own blunderings is an embarrassing moment Johnny tells on himself: "Just before I came to Hollywood, my drama teacher suggested I see Jose Ferrer, who was appearing at City Center in 'Cyrano.' I didn't need any urging, for he'd always been one of my favorites. I was standing outside the theater, watching the marquee lights blink his name. I guess I was imagining for a minute or two that his name was mine, for when the crowd started moving in for the first act, I carelessly tossed my cigarette toward the street without looking. Just then I heard something, turned around and saw that I'd thrown it right in the face of Jack Palance.

"On my first day in Hollywood, my first time in a studio, my first lunch in a commissary, and my first introduction to a star—you guessed it—my agent introduced me to Palance. I was all mumbles and fumbling when I spoke and all thumbs when I tried to shake hands. I thought sure he recognized me as the thoughtless kid who'd thrown the lighted cigarette on him. I couldn't relax, although he was friendly and didn't even mention the incident. Later, I learned he'd forgotten the whole thing, and hadn't even known it'd been me. I had to open my big mouth and tell him! At least my conscience was clear!

"Right after this, things looked up again. As I was leaving the commissary, a girl rushed up to me, all smiles, and sighed, 'May I have your autograph?'

"I was so stunned I couldn't even react at first. When I came to, I was so pleased, I gave it to her.

"'Who's he?' her girl friend asked.

"'I don't know,' the first girl shrugged, walking away, 'but he ought to be a movie star.'"

Today that sentiment is being echoed by Johnny Saxon's ticket-buying fans, who started the ball rolling and pushed him to stardom. The letters demanding to know "Who?" provoked action. A motion-picture magazine editor sensed the trend and quietly channeled it to the attention of the powers-that-be.

Johnny's come a long way since posing for "Street-Corner Girl." The road has been conspicuously lacking in press, publicity or talent-agency influences, studios or photographers—the kinds of businesses usually claiming credit for "discoveries" and pushing them hard.

Serious-minded John is working hard to stay where fans, fate and Photoplay have put him. As he himself says: "From now on, it's up to me." THE END



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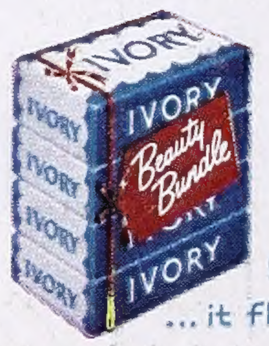
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